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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 115.—Vol. IX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, February 14, 1906 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo Whitlock

The Right Hon. the Earl of Coventry

The senior member of the Jockey Club, and one of the best-known sportsmen in the kingdom. Lord Coventry, who is sixty-eight years of age, still hunts with the Croome Hounds, which he founded in 1867

No. 115.—Vol. IX. Wednesday, February 14, 1906

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NEW FICTION

"The Ambush of Young Days." By Rosamond Langbridge. (Duckworth: 6*s.*)

"The Weight of a Crown." By Fred H. White. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"Victory." By L. T. Meade. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"For Life and After." By Geo. R. Sims. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"The Portreeve." By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Fanny Lambert." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Lady Trainer." By Nat Gould. (John Long: 2*s.*)

"The Belle of Bowing Green." By Amelia E. Barr. (John Long: 6*s.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Game of Jui-jitsu." By Taro Myake and Yukio Tani. (Hazell, Watson and Viney: 5*s.*)

Cameo Classics, XXI. and XXII.: "Story of a Feather" and "The Vicar of Wakefield." (Sisleys, Ltd.: 6*d.* net.)

"Threepence a Day for Food." By Eustace Miles. (Constable: 1*s.* net.)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

London:
Wednesday
February 14, 1906

A number of M.P.'s, who have been in the House of Commons for some years, were somewhat annoyed the other day on its being stated that they were the only persons in the new House who were known to the police.

* * *

The new House, by the way, will include in its ranks a private menagerie-keeper. The proposal, however, that the services of this gentleman should be utilised in the management of the House when the Speaker is absent is not generally applauded.

* * *

Learning that the London Scotch were to hold what they themselves called a "Burns' nicht," a number of Battersea Liberals forwarded a message to the meeting expressing their gratification at the implied compliment to their Member.

* * *

Only one rupture between Austria and Hungary occurred last week.

* * *

I have received the following letter, which I publish without comment:—

Balham Rise.

DEAR SIR,—I am thankful to say I have never been to Paris, having always known that visits to that city (so rightly termed the "gay city") introduce a feeling of levity into all those who are not strong enough to withstand its manifold temptations; but recent events have made me feel that our good King Edward incurred a grave and serious risk—a risk which he can scarcely have realised—when he helped to bring about this very lamentable *entente cordiale*. Surely Providence never intended that we should be cordial with frivolous people, else why was the Channel placed there to cut us off from them? My husband is not an attractive man. In all the years during which he has sat on the Council for Balham Rise, I have never seen anything in him which should make well-brought-up girls desire to embrace him, but the moment he sets foot on French soil, he seems to inspire an ardour in young women which he has never inspired in Balham. This promiscuous "paternal" kissing (so destructive to the purity of British home-life) has made all good women stand aghast, and I think with horror that these persons who kiss visitors "not wisely but too well" are the future mothers of France. In a paper which I read last week before our Debating Society on "France and England: A Comparison and a Condemnation," I touched on this point, and I enclose you a report from the *Balham Daily Blot*. Would our husbands like French men to come over and be so *Entente Cordiale* with us? I blush even at the suggestion that we could so far forget ourselves. The women of Balham would repudiate the very idea of such a thing as one man. I shall forgive my husband in course of time. We women show that we feel, but we can forgive, even though our hearts are sore. My real reason in writing to you, though, is to ask you to take up a strong line against this so-called international fraternising with the weaker sex among a weak and flighty nation. It only means kissing the wrong people. In Balham we know this, and we know Paris, and the next time the County Council goes to Paris the women of England will go with them. A wave of pain has gone over Balham, a wave which will not ebb until you have raised your voice in protest. Can you wonder that France is a dying nation?

Yours, very sorrowfully,

ARABELLA RAMSBOTHAM (MRS.)

VANITY

(Drawn by Gilbert Hollida.)

* * *

The Dowager Empress of China has ordered all Princes eligible to succeed to the throne to be presented at the Palace. Like other heirs-apparent, the successful candidate will need to have a head upon his shoulders—though whether he will have it there long will, probably, depend upon his behaviour towards the Dowager.

* * *

Lord Roberts complains of the failure of his efforts to promote rifle clubs. The Man in the Street, however, thinks less of rifles than trifles.

* * *

The Italian volcano Vesuvius has again been in eruption. President Castro, upon the other hand, still defers action.

* * *

Mr. H. P. Sawkins, for twenty-seven years a postman at Hertford, has been awarded the Imperial Service Medal. We suppose this latter may be regarded as a kind of Postal Order.

It is very possible that, contrary to the announcements made in several quarters, a Court will be held at Buckingham Palace before Easter. It is well known that the King is very averse to any proceedings which have a bad effect on trade, and no one knows better than he what a tremendous loss of trade Court mourning means to many of his subjects. It is, indeed, doubtful whether he would have decreed such a long period of mourning for the late King of Denmark had it not been for the Queen's intense love of and devotion to her father, and her anxiety that his memory should be respected in every possible way.

* * *

There is a certain inland golf club whose affairs, though nominally in the hands of a committee, are really controlled almost entirely by one man—a player of considerable eminence—who wields his power with an almost Oriental thoroughness, and at the club is naturally treated (especially by the staff) with all the deference due to a Great Personage. One day a member of the club, who was not a great golfer, having finished his morning round, was sitting at a table in the dining-room awaiting his lunch, which he had ordered. The waiter was in the act of bringing it to him when the Great Personage entered the room, also on luncheon intent. Intercepting the waiter, he examined the contents of his tray, and, finding them to his liking, quietly but firmly annexed them and carried them off to his own special table. But the obscure golfer, though somewhat taken aback, showed his thorough appreciation of the position. In a tone of studied restraint, yet sufficiently loud to be heard all over the room, he exclaimed, "Waiter! My handicap is 16. When may I expect to get my lunch?"

Photo *Lavis*

Our Premier Duke at Eastbourne

The Duke of Norfolk, who is Lord-Lieutenant of Sussex, unveiled last Wednesday a monument to the 2nd Batt. Royal Sussex Regiment commemorating the exploits of the Regiment in India, Malta, and Egypt. The Duke is seen in the uniform of the Sussex Imperial Yeomanry, in which corps he saw service in South Africa

Statesmen's Favourite Quotations

A representative of the Bystander has been favoured with a glance through a private album belonging to a most accomplished young lady, whose life is spent in the highest circles, but who, for obvious reasons, wishes to remain unknown. In this album many of the most eminent people of our time have been persuaded to record their favourite quotation or quotations. The self-revelation which these extracts afford is so instructive that we make no apology for giving a selection.

LORD ROSEBERY

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world, to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.
—Cowper (*The Task*).

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!
—Shakespeare (*Hamlet*).

MR. BALFOUR

For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
—Milton (*Paradise Lost*).

MR. ST. JOHN BRODRICK

And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands; maintained at vast expense;
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence;
—Dryden (*Cymon and Iphigenia*).

MR. CHAMBERLAIN

You stand the champion of the people's cause,
And bid the mob reform defective laws.
—Pope.

Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.
—Dryden (*Absalom and Achitophel*).

KAISER WILHELM

Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted?
—(*Matthew* v. 13.)

SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN

Wise men and gods are on the strongest side.
—Sir Charles Sedley.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR

Though Britain boasts her matchless hosts,
About them all right little care we.
Give us to guard our native coasts
The matchless men of Tipperary.
—Tom Davis.

DR. CLIFFORD

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity hath brought thee here?
—John Leyden.

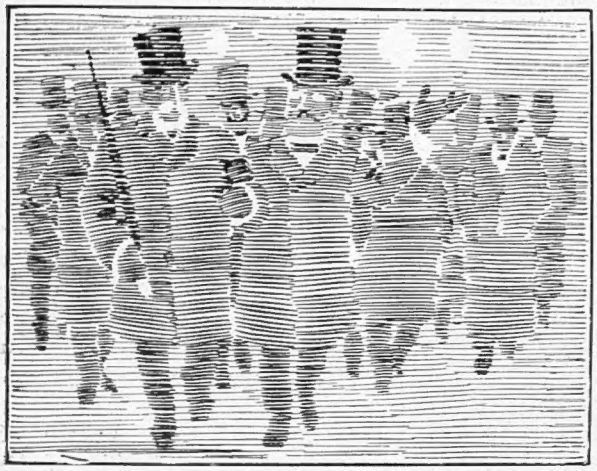
MR. GIBSON BOWLES

Brother, Brother, we are both in the wrong.
—Gay (*Beggar's Opera*).

THE HON. ALBAN GIBBS

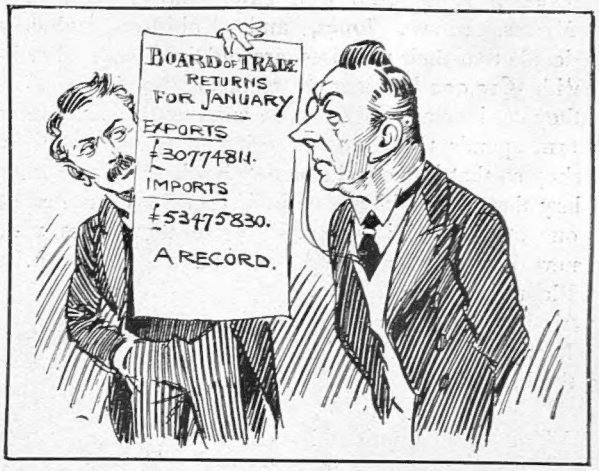
It is not good that the man should be alone.
—*Genesis.*

The Topictator



The L.C.C. in Paris

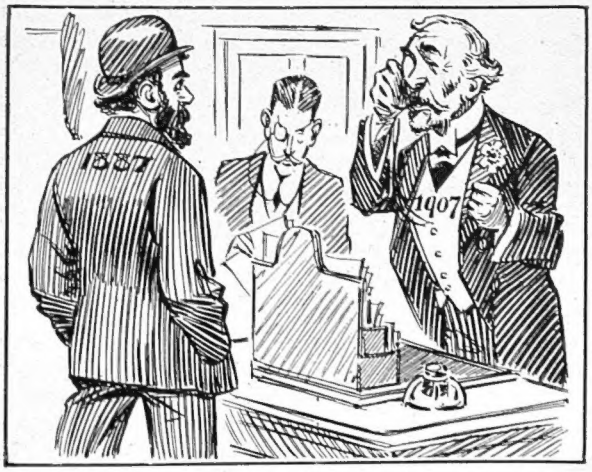
The Municipal Council did everything possible to make the L.C.C. at home in Paris—they even supplied a fog



"How does that strike you?"

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude."

—*As You Like It.*



Twenty years after

THE PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD: "Dear me, who is this person?"

A Mr. Hilgert, of New York, asserts that all the ills that flesh is heir to arise from improper treatment of the feet. Instead of the soothing touch of the pulse or the cursory glance at the tongue, we girls may hear the awful command:

"Let me look at the feet!!"

One of the things which always impresses me in town is the amount of money which is spent on rebuilding houses and places of entertainment. Does it pay? And if it pays, who does it pay? Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson suddenly decide that their premises are old fashioned. Forthwith £10,000 is spent on reconstructing them. Do they get increased business in consequence? Another firm spends thousands lowering the floor of their shop so that it is on the street level. Are people so lazy that they will not go in if they have to mount one step? Public-houses decorate themselves with new bow windows, and half the old houses in a Bloomsbury square have been trimmed with terra-cotta frills. Is anyone other than the builder the better?

The most noticeable cases are music-halls. The Empire has rebuilt itself at vast cost. Does it attract more patrons? The old Holborn has followed suit. It is now a Palace of Varieties or an Empire of Varieties. I daresay we shall soon see our old friend the "Mogul" or "Middlesex" transmogrified into the St. Giles's Empire.

In connection with this rebuilding, I heard an amusing story the other day about a building on a plot of land which from time immemorial had been unlucky. A syndicate, all fur-coated, and with names that ended in "stein," decided to take it over. But one day, when the most important member of the syndicate was dining with a friend, that friend explained to him that the plot of land in question in the old bad days had been wrested from a monastery, and that the indignant Prior had laid a curse on it. Since those days nothing had prospered on that spot. My own memory tells me of a long record of disastrous failures. Well, Stein was a business man, so he put on his fur coat, and he slipped a cheque into one of its capacious pockets, and he went and called on the present Prior of that old monastery.

"I am a business man," he said. "Your predecessor cursed this land. I want that curse removed. How much?" "£500," said the Prior. The cheque was written, the curse was removed, and the syndicate made a huge fortune. That plot of land is not unlucky now, and in the syndicate's ledgers you may read this entry: "To removing one curse, £500."

* * *

Millbank should be fashionable for a little while, and the Thames reaches beyond the House of Commons peopled by the great world. For the Tate Gallery has found a room at last for a collection of the most recent, and, as they have been considered, unfinished, works from the brush of the painter of genius who died in 1851. When a decree of the Court of Chancery gave all Turner's collection to the nation, the country, no doubt delighted, appears to have been rather embarrassed with the richness of the bequest. At Marlborough House some pictures were shown, transported thence to South Kensington, thence again to the National Gallery, where the back stairs and offices, so to speak, were decorated with the expressions of Turner's final grasping for the ideal. Later, the provinces were generously permitted to share with London what had been given to the nation.

Photo *Whitlock*

Mr. George Grossmith

Who denies the rumour that he is going to have a "farewell" performance, after forty years' entertainment of the public. "I shall slip out of things," says Mr. Grossmith, and the public will say, "Where is that funny old gentleman with the pince-nez, who used to do things at the piano?"

Soon after the decree of Chancery, the authorities of the National Gallery and their advisers, the best men of the day—with Ruskin, one imagines, very much in the fighting line—decided which of the pictures were likely to keep Turner's fame fresh in the eyes of the coming generations. The choice excluded the most brilliant examples at the "Tate." Such is the irony of good intentions, and such is the good fortune of our generation. All who love the art of painting will hasten to Room XI.; but the admirer of a picture, apart from the technique, will also enjoy the justly called "New Turners." I doubt if anyone who has watched the yachts racing in the sun-lit Solent off Cowes has ever thought to find the magic of the scene reproduced on canvas, and yet Turner's pictures on the subject show Nature herself—heightened, of course, by art. One need not go to the Isle of Wight in future; the Millbank Gallery contains the charm and beauty of the Solent within four walls and a cab-fare from anywhere. For those who would turn from the poetry of the sea in motion, there are many other subjects, some of which are as fully and beautifully realised, with one or two—"The Exile and the Rock Limpet," and "Sunrise, with a Sea-monster"—which may appear comic to the general public. The critics say "The Evening Star" will outlive the whole collection of Turner pictures that Mr. Ruskin and his immaculate coadjutants selected in 1857, with the noble intention of handing on the light. I agree with the critics, but we shall know more about it fifty years hence; perhaps, "Interior—at Petworth" may then be the only style in vogue.

* * *

Two terrible fatalities have revived the whole question of degrading and dangerous entertainments. In the old days, at Cremorne, there was

a lady who used to be carried up in the air, riding on a bull which was suspended from a balloon. The Modern Europa I think she was called. This charming feat was stopped by the authorities on the grounds that if the woman and bull fell they might kill the people standing below. It was not a high moral reason, but it served. Why not use this reason again?

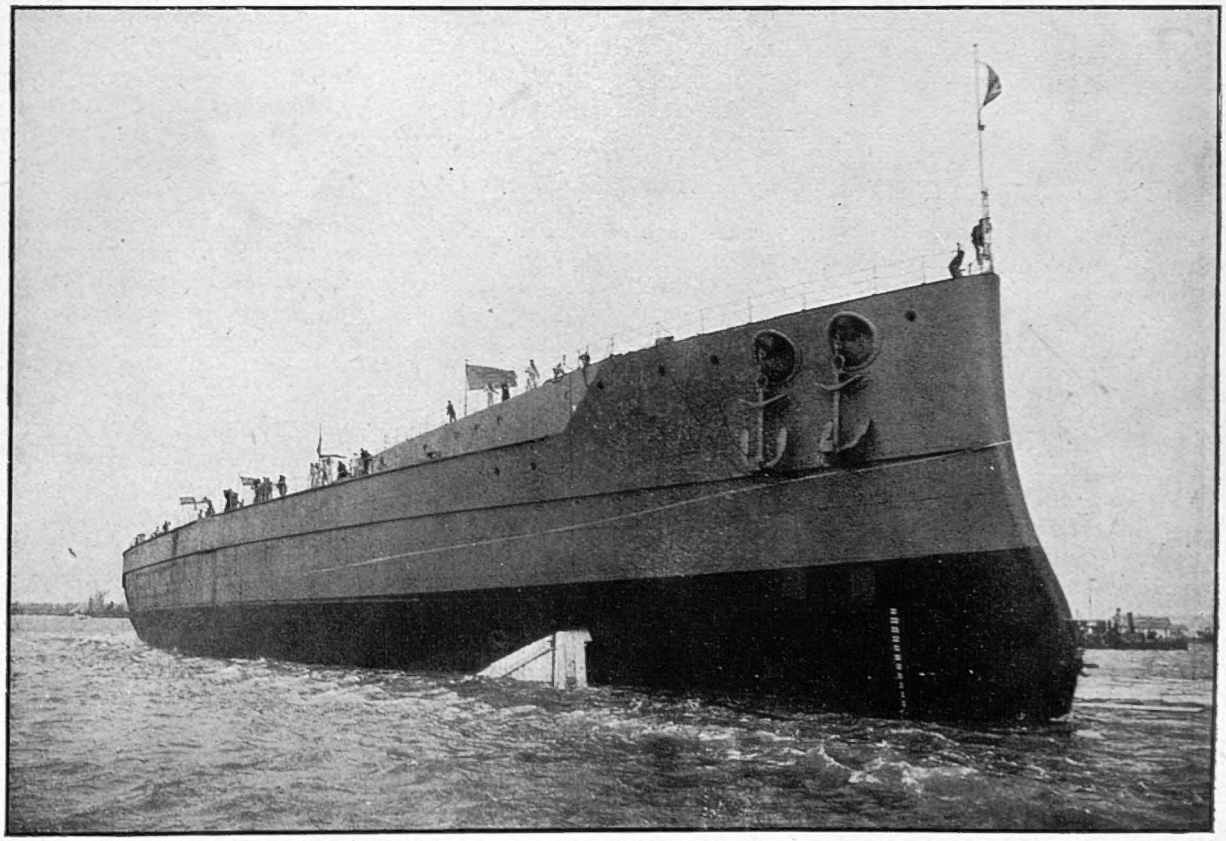
* * *

Although the London Spring Show of the Polo and Riding Pony Society last year was not nearly so successful in point of entries as that of 1904, there is every reason to hope that the forthcoming Show at the Agricultural Hall on March 16 and 17 will be well supported. The objects of the Society—which is under the patronage of their Majesties the King and Queen—are to promote the breeding of ponies for polo, riding, and military purposes, and to encourage the native breeds. As the demand for ponies exceeds the supply, it is gratifying to learn that, in the opinion of so eminent an authority as Captain E. D. Miller, the breeding of polo ponies is being conducted on the right lines by the chief breeders, who are spending a great deal of time and money in their efforts to produce the right sort of animal to play on. The president of the Society—which was founded in 1893—is Sir Gilbert Greenall, the Master of the Belvoir Hounds, and the president-elect is Mr. Tresham Gilbey, Sir Walter Gilbey's eldest son, who was one of the founders of the County Polo Association. Among the past presidents of the Society, which has a membership of over six hundred, have been Lord Harrington, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, the late Lord Ava, Sir Walter Gilbey, Lord Arthur Cecil, and the Duke of Teck. The judges at next month's Show, which will, as usual, be held in connection with that of the Hunters' Improvement Society, will include the Rev. E. A. Milne, Master of the Cattistock Hounds, the Hon. Alexander Parker, and those well-known polo players, Major F. Egerton Green, Captain E. D. Miller, Mr. Frank Belville, Mr. J. B. Dale, and Captain G. Phipps-Hornby. Prizes to the value of over £500 are offered, including a Challenge Cup, value £50, given by Mr. John Barker, himself one of the most successful breeders of polo ponies.

Photo *Whitlock*

The Late Countess Howe

Lady Howe was one of the foremost Society leaders of the day. She was a sister of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, of Lady Sarah Wilson, of the late Lady Tweedmouth, and of Lady Wimborne. On page 321 appears an illustration of Lady Wimborne's town mansion in Arlington Street. The big political dinner-party referred to on this page, which was sent to press before the announcement of Lady Howe's death, has, of course, been postponed



Photo] **The launch of H.M.S. "Dreadnought" by His Majesty the King, on Saturday, February 10** [*Russell*

Extraordinary interest has been aroused by the launch of this "behemoth," as the *Daily Telegraph* calls her. This interest is best explained in the phrase of a naval officer acquainted with the secrets of her design: "On the day that the battleship *Dreadnought* hoists the pennant, all the navies of the world will be rendered obsolete." H.M.S. *Dreadnought* is the biggest, most powerful, swiftest, and most heavily gunned battleship in the world

THE PLAYHOUSES

An uneventful week—one of those delightful back-water weeks when the course of matters theatrical flow peacefully on—was only just disturbed by the production at the Court Theatre of two plays by two young playwrights — Messrs. Robert Vernon Harcourt and Frederick Fenn. Much has been made of the difficulties which confront the budding playwright. In the popular imagination he is a young-old man, with a play under his arm selected from a drawer-full of them at home, who knocks for years at doors which remain closed against him. Managers—I am again voicing popular delusions—are genial and responsive upon all topics save one. They will talk to you of Unionist Unity, but dive into your pocket and they will vanish before you have time to disclose your play.

There is a little story (true) which illustrates this point of view. A young dramatist went to an American manager and tendered a play with the diffidence born of much snubbing. The manager did not shy or turn pale. The playwright, taking courage from this unwonted reception ingenuously gave away his surprise with the remark, "Then you'll read it?"

"My dear young friend," replied the manager, "I guess that's just what I'm for."

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

"Hero and Heroine" at the Palace Theatre

Mr. Arthur Playfair and Miss Kate Cutler in an amusing skit on Surrey-side melodrama

But, whatever the rights of the case against the manager, once that worthy has announced a play by a new author, there is no gainsaying the interest which the public takes in the production. Everyone is agog, for everyone is awaiting the advent of the new playwright. A maternal public is for ever stitching his little shirt. Hence the interest in the new afternoon bill at the Court Theatre. Mr. Harcourt and Mr. Fenn are not quite new, but they—the former more particularly—are still in the promising stage. Mr. Harcourt's comedy in three acts, *A Question of Age*, does not carry him into the land of fulfilment. To apply the materialistic standard, it is not a play likely to occupy an evening bill. At the same time, it contains a very well-drawn character, the woman of forty, a difficult part, played with just the right touch by Miss Fanny Brough.

Mr. Fenn's one-act play, *The Convict on the Hearth*, has come in, deservedly, for a deal of commendation. It is a picture of a mean home most skilfully drawn. His little group of characters are life-like; the dialogue is witty. The picture makes a vivid impression on the mind. But it is only a picture. There is no dramatic form in this story of a convict's home-coming. The characters speak to reveal themselves, not to tell a story. Mr. Fenn has used all the accessories of the stage to give effect to a theme which contains no element of drama.

* * *

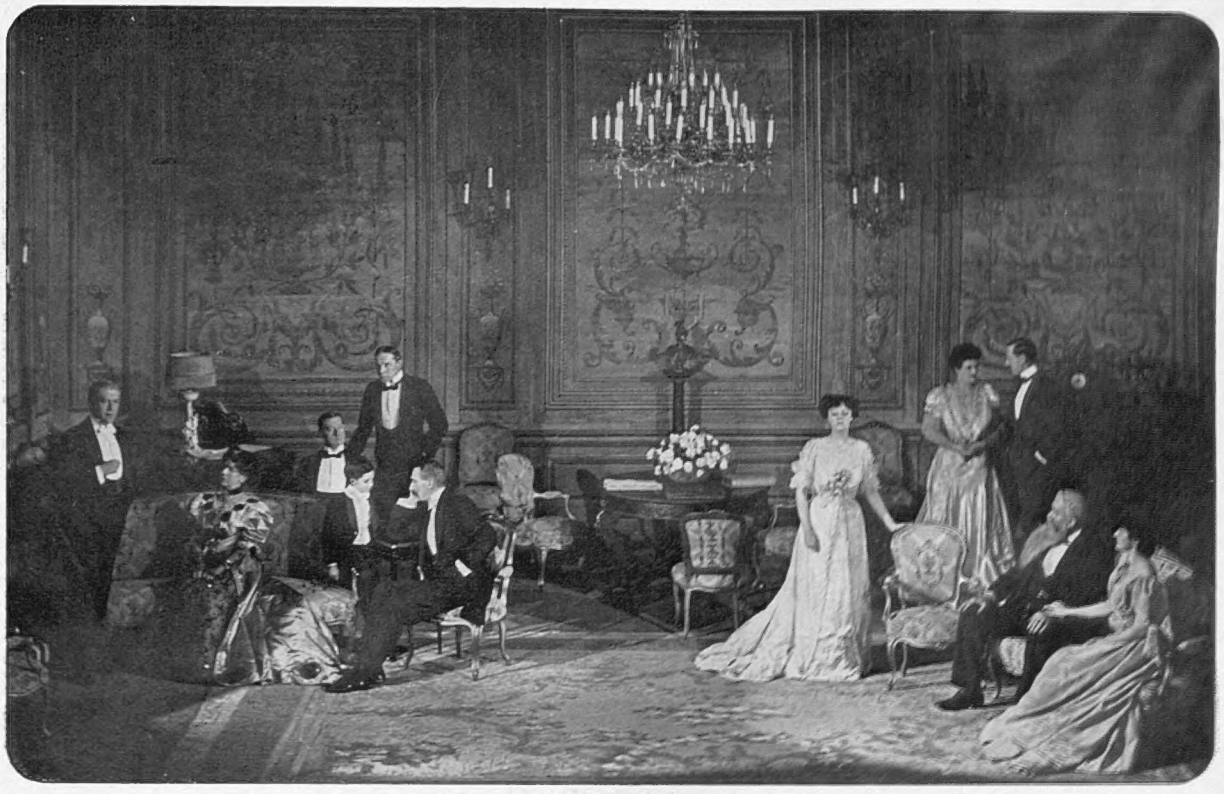
Whenever there is not much doing in the world of the theatre, at least one skeleton of the dramatic cupboard is pretty certain to be trotted out for the edification of the public, viz., the unprofitable business of theatre-running. On this question, Mr. George Edwardes spoke a year ago with no uncertain voice. He gave us a few facts and figures from the Box Office, which are usually withheld from the public. Now, in corroboration of a dismal view of the business expressed by Mr. Charles Hawtrey, he returns to the subject with the statement that "every time a manager produces a piece he stands to make little or no money out of the London run, notwithstanding the fact that the piece may be a genuine success, and if he produces a mediocre play and makes a mediocre success he is a heavy loser." Mr. Edwardes accounts in part for this sad state of affairs by the present craze for building theatres, when already there are too many of them. It is easy to find other causes for the present disastrous state of affairs. One, which is generally over-looked, is the elaborate standard of production demanded by the public. Their appetite has grown with what it has been fed upon. They have been given magnificence, and have clamoured for more. They have been so pampered by enterprising managers that nothing short of ruinous extravagance in scenery and dresses will satisfy them.

The public is now a spoilt child that grows fractious at the least sign of economy on the part of the manager. The play may go hang, but playgoers must have tableaux and great built-up scenes. If it is a modern comedy, the women in the audience must be made to gape with astonishment and envy at the beauty of the frocks. In the first instance, the manager, of course, was to blame. He wrapped a bad play in sugar coating. Now the public want sugar coating for every play—good, bad, or indifferent.

Now the stomach of the little playgoer is thoroughly out of order, and he has not sense enough to see that his unhealthiness affects the whole stage. He grumbles at the plays, the manager grumbles at business, and all's wrong with the world. It is time that the "Simple Life" principles spread to the world of the theatre.

"His House in Order," at the St. James's Theatre

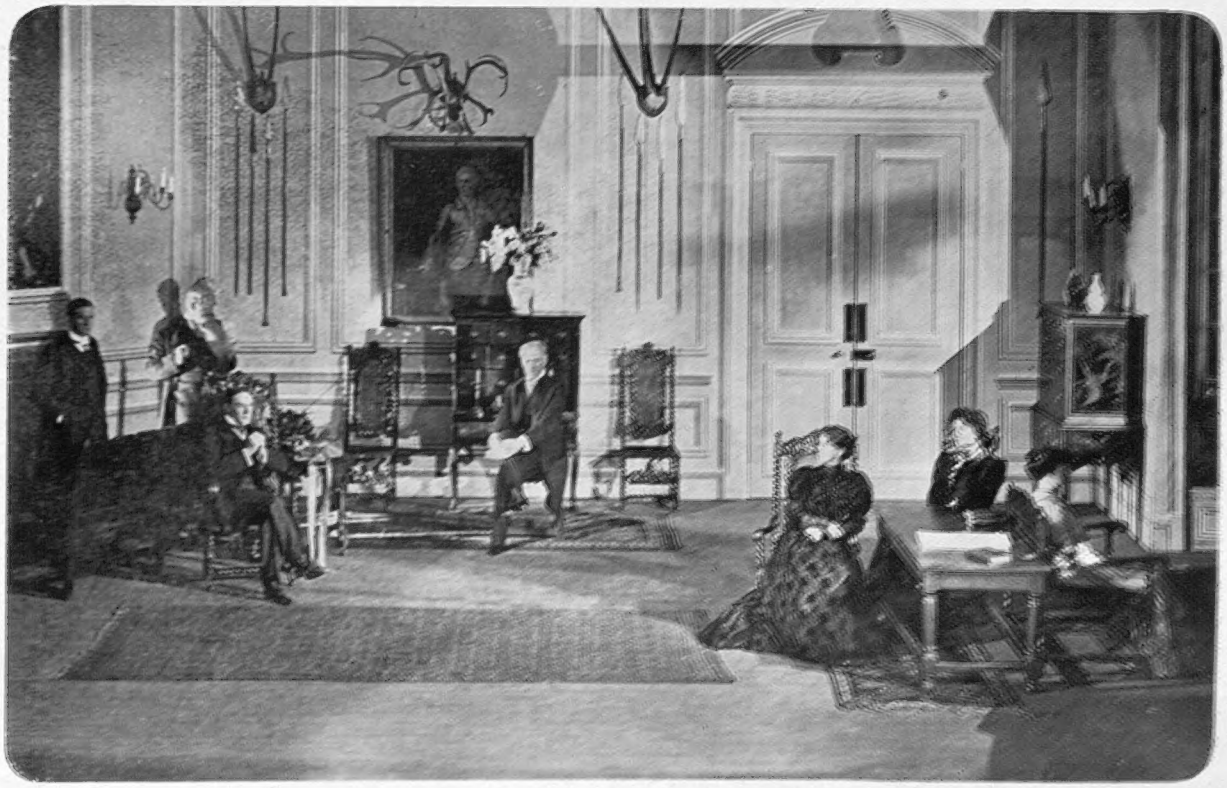
Mr. C. M. Lowne (*Pryce Ridgeley*) Mr. Herbert Waring (*Filmer Jesson*)



Mr. George Alexander (*Hilary Jesson*) Miss Iris Hawkins (*Derek Jesson*) Miss Irene Vanbrugh (*Nina*) Mr. E. Lyall Swete (*Sir Daniel Ridgeley*) Miss Bella Pateman (*Lady Ridgeley*) Mr. Dawson Milward (*Major Maurewarde*) Miss Beryl Faber (*Geraldine Ridgeley*)

Nina, the second wife of Hilary Jesson, is bright-natured and loves amusement. The family of the first wife—the Ridgeleys—are regular modern Pharisees, self-righteous, narrow-minded, etc. Nina, supported by Hilary Jesson, tries to put up with them. In the scene illustrated above, she returns to apologise for one of her outbursts

Mr. C. M. Lowne Mr. Lyall Swete



Photos *Langfier, 230 Old Bond Street*

Mr. Herbert Waring Mr. George Alexander Miss Bella Pateman Miss Beryl Faber

ROUND THE TOWN

The Scottish Engagement

The announcement of the engagement of Lady Mary Hamilton and the Marquis of Graham, eldest son of the Duke of Montrose, has been received with the greatest interest, especially in Scotland, as they both represent families which have been for centuries most intimately linked together with Scottish history. Lord Graham, though only twenty-seven, is one of the most strenuous of men, and Lady Mary, who only came of age last November, is reputed to be the greatest heiress in Great Britain. Both have keen sporting tastes, and are devoted to Bonnie Scotland, a devotion more than reciprocated by their vast tenantry. Lady Mary, although so North British in feeling, is by birth a cosmopolitan, since her grandmothers were both German—the one (the Duchess of Devonshire) a daughter of Captain von Alten, and the other the daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden—and she has, besides, a strain of French and Austrian blood in her veins. With her fair hair and small, regular features, Lady Mary is rather like Princess Ena of Battenberg in appearance. Lord Graham, young as he is, has seen much service. He was in action twenty-nine days running in the capture of De Wet; is as good a sea-dog as a soldier; and keen as can be on yachting. His beautiful mother, the Duchess of Montrose, was Miss Violet Graham, daughter of Sir Frederick Graham, of Netherly. In the eighties, her face, her violet eyes, and golden brown hair were the theme of all social London.

Photo *Lafayette*

The Hon. Ismay Preston

Only daughter of Lord and Lady Gormanston. Miss Preston's engagement to Lord Ninian Stuart, brother of the Marquis of Bute, has just been announced

Lady Mary's Pig

Lady Mary was brought up in the simplest fashion. It was her father's custom to give her a sucking pig on her birthday. She fed it herself, and when it was well fattened, the little pig was sold, and Lady Mary gave the money thus obtained to a certain poor family every year. Then her father died, and the people of the Isle of Arran, aware that she had come into a huge fortune, rather pestered her with begging letters. Lady Mary, not realising at all the change in her position, said one morning quite naïvely to her mother: "Is it not strange, mamma? Everyone in the island seems to know all of a sudden about *that* pig."

Miss Preston's Engagement

Another engagement, that of Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, brother and heir to the lately married Lord Bute, to Miss Ismay Preston, the only daughter of Lord Gormanston, will unite two of the oldest Roman Catholic families in England. In this case also, both are young and one is beautiful, so a still sentimental world is quite pleased, especially as it is not a common thing for a young man of twenty-two (Lord Ninian's age),

The Marquis of Graham — *Photo* Warneuke

Photo Lafayette — Lady Mary Hamilton

THE MOST INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT OF THE YEAR

CUPID'S MIXED BAG

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

Democratic Royal Lovers

and a Guardsman to boot, to walk into the web so early in life.

A Prince Among Painters

It is announced that Prince Eugene, Duke of Nericia, third son of King Oscar, is about to marry a Swedish operatic singer who lives in Paris. I question whether even the Austrian Royal Family are as indifferent to the appurtenances of rank and all its privileges as are the young sons of the King and Queen of Sweden, for, by such a marriage, he will, of course, renounce all his rights in regard to the Crown, and all his privileges as a Prince of the blood, just as his brother Oscar, who married his mother's lady-in-waiting, Mlle. Ebba Monck, did some little while ago. Prince Eugene is a musician and painter of distinction, and it is said that he makes quite a large income by his pictures; with these resources, therefore, it is probable that he, too, will find the world well lost for love.

Prince Oscar of Sweden

Who married his mother's lady-in-waiting, Mlle. Ebba Monck

Mlle. Ebba Monck

Lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Sweden, who married Prince Oscar of Sweden

The Tabernacle of Liberalism

On Friday, Lady Wimborne gives a dinner and reception in honour of the new Government. Wimborne House, the High Tabernacle of Liberalism, it will be remembered, once waged just such a deadly war against the Party it now welcomes as its *chatelaine* still wages against Ritualism as practised to day by the High Church. And behind the Veil of the Temple, what welcome, I wonder, does the Liberal flock itself extend to those High Priests who desert it in the lean years and return to it in the fat? Bygones, let us hope, are bygones, even in the tabernacles of Protestantism.

Religious Bigotry

Talking of anti-Ritualists reminds me that a certain section of English people seem to look upon the projected Spanish marriage with positive horror, chiefly owing to the fact that the King of Spain is a Bourbon, and, therefore, if heredity goes for anything, unlucky; and also because of the obvious and, broadly speaking, quite unimportant fact that the Princess, if she becomes Queen of Spain, must go

Prince Eugene, with his father and mother, the King and Queen of Sweden

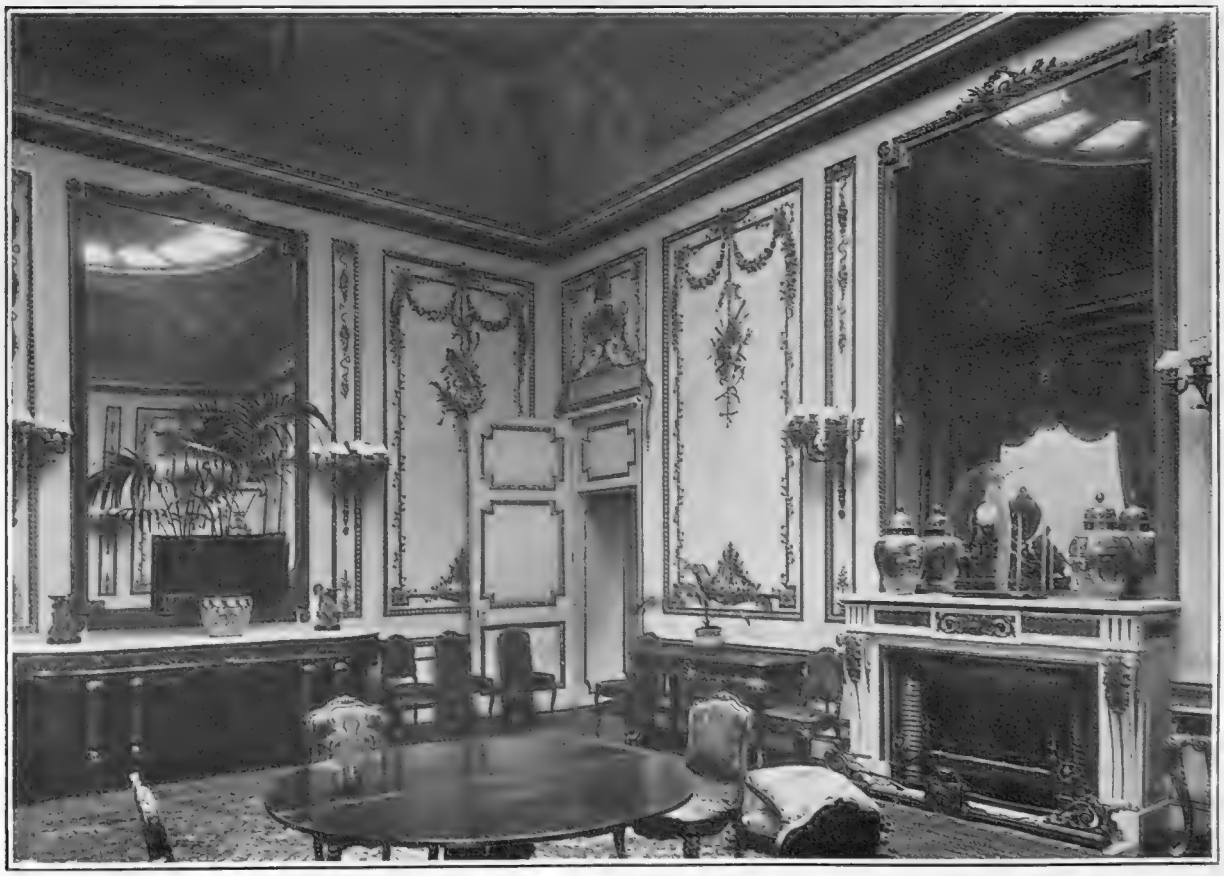
The Prince is about to follow in the footsteps of his brother Oscar, and marry a lady of the people—a Swedish operatic singer who lives in Paris

The High Tabernacle of Liberalism

LADY WIMBORNE'S TOWN MANSION IN ARLINGTON STREET

The drawing-room

Lady Wimborne presides over one of the most important *salons* on the Liberal side, Wimborne House being the headquarters from which have been issued some of the most vital manifestos of the Party. Next Friday, Lady Wimborne gives a big dinner-party, followed by a reception, which will be attended by all the influential personalities in the Liberal Party



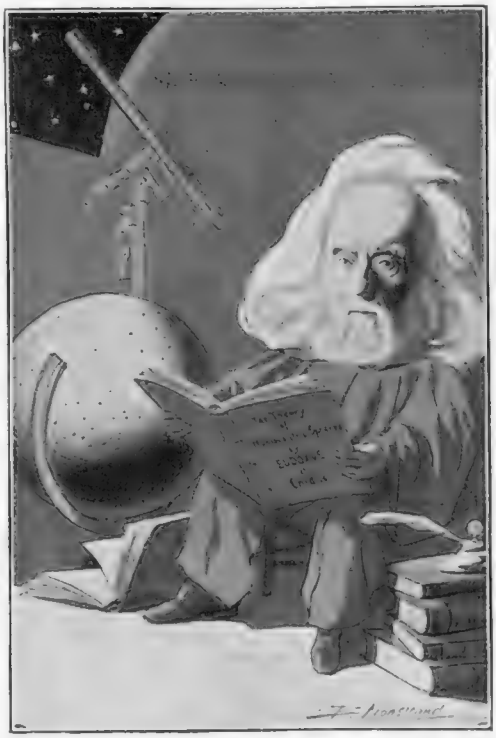
The dining-room

An Eminent Scientist

over to Rome. Letters to the *Times* implore the help of the Press in protesting against the alliance on both these grounds, and the Church Association actually passed a resolution to ask the Prime Minister to approach the King on the subject, and petition him to refuse his consent. In quite a different manner is the conversion, or perversion, to Rome looked upon on the Continent, and those people to whom the word "Popery" is as a red rag to a bull, must have felt the world slipping from beneath their feet when they read the opinion of the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs to the effect that as the Princess belonged to the High Church her conversion to Rome would be quite a simple affair! To most people, in these enlightened days, the form of any one person's religion, so long as he or she lives for the "greatest good," is a matter of supreme indifference and unimportance, and as for the Church Association, they are just rabid bigots, and would have England return to the narrow creeds of the early Victorian age of Puritanism.

H.R.H. Princess Alice Roosevelt

In these ante-Lenten weeks, marriages and rumours of marriages are the order of the day. On Saturday, Miss Alice Roosevelt is to be married, much to everyone's relief, for surely the last word in American snobbishness has been said since the announcement of her engagement. If we are to take seriously even a tenth part of the hysterical acclamations and snobbish details which the American Press is daily pouring forth, the bethrothal of a Princess of the blood Royal and a King of ancient lineage is a domestic and inconspicuous event compared with the engagement of Miss Roosevelt and Mr. Longworth. Mr. Longworth is, no doubt, a most estimable young man, but no one has ever heard of him before and no one particularly wants to again. Miss Roosevelt is the daughter of America's President. She has been round the world. We have not heard, even from the aforesaid Press, that she is beautiful, or talented, or witty. It is certain, however, that she is sensible, and this quality will probably stand her in better stead than any others more artistically desirable if she is to pass unscathed through this wave of sickening adulation and become such a citizeness as her father and the German Emperor unite in approving, *i.e.* one who dresses on £20 per annum and takes a large share in increasing the population.



An impression of Sir William Huggins

The famous Scientist and Past President of the Royal Society, who celebrated his 92nd birthday last Wednesday

(Drawn by B. Kronstrant)

Royalty and Furnishing

The Duchess of Connaught, when she returns to Europe, will go straight to Stockholm to join her daughter, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. Princess Victoria is at present staying with her favourite cousin, Princess Gustavus of Sweden, and I hear that the latter has just placed an order with an Irish house for a set of mahogany furniture to be exactly copied from one in satinwood which is at Clarence House. I also hear that King Alfonso and Princess Ena are already giving orders for the furnishing—on Kensington Palace methods—of the rooms they will occupy in the Royal Palace in Madrid.

The Royal De-Tour

The rumour that the Prince and Princess of Wales will visit Japan before returning to England is still alive, and, if such a visit is considered to be in the interests of the nation, the Prince and Princess will assuredly not hesitate to undertake it. If, however, they consulted their own inclinations in the matter — a course seldom taken by the members of our Royal Family—the Prince and Princess would unhesitatingly return home at the earliest possible moment. Letters from Calcutta all remark how weary they both looked during their well-filled visit to that most loyal city. The Prince, evidently tired of sight-seeing, which, in India, after a time, resolves itself into a sort of kaleidoscopic procession of brilliant lights and colours, seemed most keen on the polo, and, in fact, one day, when a game had been started, sent down word to have it stopped until he could get there, much to the annoyance of the players, whose ponies were just warming up to the game.

A Nonagenarian Astronomer, Sir William Huggins

Science would seem to be the career most conducive to longevity, judging by the number of venerable men still living who have made it their life's study. Last Wednesday, Sir William Huggins, the late President of the Royal Society, celebrated his ninety-second birthday. Sir William is, of course, chiefly eminent as an astronomer, working his own observatory, and his researches in the celestial science have brought him medals and diplomas from most of the learned societies of the world. Sir William's Presidency of the Royal Society concluded in December last, when he was replaced by Lord Rayleigh.

THE JOYS OF THE CHASE

DRAWN BY PIRKIS

End of the Shooting Season

An Average Year

The shooting season for 1905-6 has come and gone, and on the whole may claim to be placed in the category of those years which are up to the average as regards sport. Grouse were plentiful, and on many Southern moors in the South of Scotland record bags were obtained. Disease was conspicuous by its absence, and this scourge, happily, each year becomes more and more rare. This is undoubtedly due to the greater knowledge gained in later years as to the proper treatment of moors—such as the burning of heather and surface-draining of water. The removal, too, of sheep, and especially cattle, from grazing on moors where grouse are expected to thrive, has been found to be most effective, for beasts, like grouse, have a pretty taste for the young shoots of heather—the staple food of the grouse. It will be interesting to learn what will be the result of the Commission on Grouse Disease; but I fancy there is not much to learn that is not already known. Certainly those moors which have the best food, and are the freest from disease, are those which are properly drained and sheltered, and which are given the best attention as to the time and method of burning the heather.

Partridges and Pheasants

As regards partridges, reports varied very much as to their numbers. In the North of England, many died from the drought, while in the South the youngsters were reported as being annihilated by the fierce storms of rain. Thus the season may be probably set down as only a moderate one; some places good, others indifferent. I generally find, however, that whatever the season, there are always those who grumble, and this will I expect be found to be the case so long as a partridge is left to be shot. Pheasants were plentiful. But this, again, is chiefly a question of the amount that owners wish to expend on rearing. An owner decides to rear 1,000, 5,000, or 10,000 birds, and he expects to see 60, 70, or more per cent. come to the gun. But as regards those places where pheasants are purely wild bred, the season was good, and everything was in the birds' favour. Suffolk and Norfolk, the cream of our shooting counties, had an all-round good season; and such estates as Lord Cadogan's, Lord Iveagh's, Lord Bristol's, and Capt. Pretyman's, had sport of the very best kind.

Lord Bristol's Shooting-Party

Lord Bristol, who is Lord-Lieutenant of Suffolk, is extremely popular, one of the keenest of sportsmen, and is always loth to close the day's sport. In fact, during the last week's shoot at Ickworth, several of the partridge drives were accomplished in semi-darkness. A brilliant shot, a cheery host, and a popular landlord, he spends much of his time at his enormous house near Bury St. Edmunds, and takes a deep interest in his country estate and shooting.

BYSTANDER.

Photo *Leonard Willoughby*

Lord Bristol's shooting-party at Ickworth

Left to right: Mr. George Manners, Mr. Richard Arkwright, Marchioness of Bristol, Lady Mary Hervey, Marquis of Bristol, and Mr. Leonard Willoughby

Informal Attire at the 'Varsities

TIME was when the 'Varsity man was despised as the vanity of vanities. In dress, he was supposed to be neat to the verge of nambi-pambiness, a positive slave to cleanliness, a model of elegance in gait and manners, and altogether a "very superior person." It is now our proud duty to clear the 'Varsity man, and especially the Cambridge undergraduate, of such a stigma, and the camera shall be our witness.

Look at the photographs herewith reproduced. Here we see the 'Varsity man as he really is, and who shall now dare to accuse him of over-dressing? Could anything be less stiff and "superior" than the bearing of the three men in our first picture taking a morning constitutional down the market-place at Cambridge? Note the loose-fitting Norfolk jacket, the easy—not to say baggy—trousers, the hand in pocket, the general air of nonchalance! Could anything be less suggestive of finicking neatness, effeminacy, or Turveydrop deportment than the typical undergraduates as shown in either of the three photos?

Some critics in the daily Press have actually thought this manly, careless, free-and-easy attitude of 'Varsity men to be an occasion for reproach. It has been said that men walk out in down-at-heel shoes, and perforated socks, that in "Hall" it is not nowadays "form" to wash the hands before dining, that a new suit is denounced as effeminate and "sidey," that the well groomed man is taboo!

Well! And what could be better? Is it not a sign of the healthy, open-air, simple-life tendencies of the young man of the period? Why so much soap and water? Why cylindrical, creased nether garments, and close-fitting jackets? And why *not* a comfortable heelless shoe, a well-ventilated sock?

The BYSTANDER welcomes the metamorphosis in 'Varsity men, and hopes that grooming will go the way of Greek and other obsolete and tiresome 'Varsity traditions.

Photos Illustrations Bureau

Play in the Workhouse

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

ALL SORTS OF GAMES FOR TOOTING INMATES

THE Wandsworth Board of Guardians are setting a good example to their brother officials in England. They have provided all sorts of games at their pauper homes in Tooting. The inmates can now chase dull care away by indulging in games of dominoes, nap, bagatelle, etc. These progressive guardians are now contemplating the establishment of a concert-room. The "House," so dreaded and loathed by the poor who enter its portals only as a last resource, will be robbed of its terrors if the new spirit of the Wandsworth Guardians becomes universal.

1. Dominoes
2. Bagatelle
3. Nap

Paris Week by Week

PARIS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10 By FRANCES KEYZER

Paris's Prime Topic

While, naturally, the visit of London's County Councillors has been the prime topic of the *boulevardier* during the last week, and the landaus and electric cars containing Sir Edwin Cornwall and his genial colleagues have passed to and fro on their daily journeys to the acclamation of friendly crowds, Paris has many serious problems to vex her just now. It is no less than the fact that a section—I hasten to say a very small section—of Parisians have attempted to throw France back some three centuries in their desire to revive, after their own fashion, the Saint Bartholomew massacres. The bells tolled, well-dressed men and women, under command of a few fanatical priests, walked about with a small red or white cross fastened to their coats or dresses, chanting hymns and quoting scripture whilst hurling murderous missiles at the heads of the heretics—in this case the police.

Defenders of the Faith!

Sketches of aristocratic defenders of the churches against the police, taken in the police-court by *Le Matin*

A Foolish War Cry

Unfortunately, these self-styled defenders of the Faith selected as their war-cry, "Liberty! Liberty!" words that sounded strange in the mouths of the descendants of those who erected stakes all over the country in honour of the great Torquemada, and are responsible for the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which drove hundreds and thousands of Protestants into misery and exile. This demonstration has been severely condemned, not only by millions of law abiding French Catholics, but by nine-tenths of their clergy, foremost among them Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, whose words must have come to these ladies and gentlemen like a second cold douche after the one they received from the firemen who turned the hose on them.

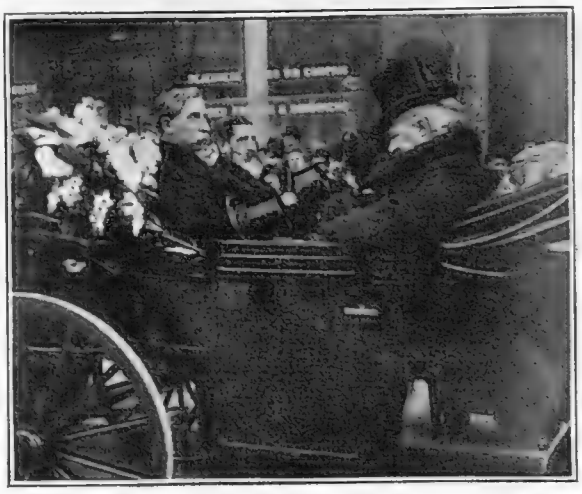


Photo **Civic Chiefs of London and Paris** [*Rol et Cie*

Mons. Brousse (President of the Paris Municipality) and Sir Edwin Cornwall (of the L.C.C.), after their visit to the Halles in Paris last week

The Church Militant

These zealots took up this extraordinary attitude to protest, as they said, against an inventory being taken of all property owned by the churches in France, and the latter measure demands a few words of explanation. As you know already, the Chamber has voted the separation of Church and State, which means that the Government has suppressed the salaries it paid the clergy; and the priests who, up till now, were, in a measure, State officials, have become simple citizens. The churches, as before, will be administered by a Council, and the Government very wisely decided that before the new Council should enter upon their functions, an inventory should be taken of the property belonging to the churches all over France, so as to prevent any part of it being alienated or used for other purposes.

"Spoilation"

This resolution was approved in Parliament, and so far from the State wanting to lay hands on the Church property, their desire, on the contrary, is to place it under the protection of the law. In the provinces, where the clergy attend honestly to their work, the taking of the inventory did not cause the slightest trouble, and the same was the case in many of the Paris churches. In a few of these, however, the priests are militant; they dabble in politics, and seize every chance of fomenting trouble. And thus, at two places of worship—in the aristocratic quarter of the city—the priests called upon their flock to protest against what they called "a spoilation," spreading the rumour that the Government, on robbery bent, wanted to lay sacrilegious hands on the Church property. And then followed the grotesque scenes described in the papers, wherein, fortunately, more water than blood was spilt, and caused several titled gentlemen to be sent to a lonely cell at their country's expense.

"Knights of the Stick"

And who are those gentlemen? The great grandsons of those who, when their country was in danger

in 1792, emigrated to Germany, and of whom, when they returned to France, it was said: "*Ils n'ont rien appris; ils n'ont rien oublié!*" No, they have learned nothing. They still babble of Waterloo and perfidious Albion, and sneer at the *Entente Cordiale*. They came out in splendid form at the time of the Dreyfus affair, and in their wretched organs started a crusade against all "heretics," which threatened to take serious proportions. We saw them at the fearful Charity Bazaar catastrophe, not among those who risked their lives to save people from the flames, but trying to force their way out of the burning building by belabouring unfortunate women with their sticks, a heroic feat which earned them in Paris the epithet of "Knights of the Stick." Narrow-minded, narrow-chested, bigoted, ignorant, unhealthy in body and in mind, they are only interesting as specimens of a bygone age. We saw them again at Auteuil in their attempt to assault M. Loubet, and we have seen enough of them.

Paul Bartlett, the American sculptor
Whose bronzes are making a sensation both in Paris and in London

An Artist's Wedding

At the Trinité Church, a scene of another order was taking place. Mlle. Pierat, the youngest of the Sociétaires of the Comédie Française, was married to M. Guirand de Scerola, the well-known painter, member of the Pastel Society and Artists Français Salon. There is nothing remarkable in the wedding of two young people of artistic tastes. This occurs every day. But this particular ceremony brought together, not only an actress and a painter, but actors and actresses from all the theatres, authors in whose plays the bride had made her name, and painters of renown from both Salons; everybody, in fact, the public likes to look on, and point out, and criticise. The public, therefore, came in numbers two full hours before the time announced on the invitations. Not, however, before the dressmakers, the milliners, the caricaturists, the fashion artists. And without much imagination the crowd can be pictured, hustling, pushing their way into the most advantageous places to get a good view of the "celebrities." They quarrelled; they fought; they stood on the chairs and toppled over; the *Suisse* — the large man in uniform — lost control of his hands and struck a lady in the face; there was wild excitement. In the meantime, the friends of the bridal party attempted to tender their congratulations, but there was no possibility of approaching the vestry. "A great success, *ma chère*," said one to the other, "a real fashionable wedding."

John Winthrop, Junr. Governor of Connecticut
A small model by Paul Bartlett

A Sensational Sculptor

Paul Bartlett, the American sculptor, whose bronzes are making a sensation at the New Gallery in London, lives in Paris six months in the year. I was at his studio in the Rue Dareau, an outlying district, and discussed the exhibits that are interesting English sculptors at the present moment. Mr. Bartlett has persistently refused the most handsome offers to sell these "essays," as he calls them, in fine alloy, which will serve him in the execution of his big equestrian statues. The Lafayette statue, erected in the garden of the Louvre, at present only in plaster, will be definitely replaced by a younger Lafayette, a symbol of enthusiasm, of youth, in the wonderful colourings that have been obtained in the smaller models of animals, fish, etc., now on view in London. It is interesting to note that the modern Japanese have been struck with the results obtained by Paul Bartlett in the effects of colour in his bronzes, for the Imperial Commission were anxious to secure some of his St. Louis exhibits, to forward them to Tokio. This almost leads one to believe that the American sculptor has gone further than the modern Japanese in this art. Mr. Bartlett is most known by his colossal figures of Columbus, Law, and Michael Angelo, in the Library of Congress in Washington; the Michael Angelo is spoken of as an epoch-making work. Born in Connecticut, U.S., Mr. Bartlett has, nevertheless, worked solely in France, where he made his first studies under the famous sculptor, Frémier. Paris is proud of possessing, among his early works, the "Cerberus with the

Orpheus" in the Luxembourg; and the French Government has bestowed upon him every distinction, including the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

The Latest Divorce

Everybody has something to say about the latest fashionable divorce, the trouble in the Castellane family. People are sorry for the Countess, *née* Anna Gould, and are wondering how a certain lady became possessed of another lady's letters addressed to the Count, and sent them to the Countess. Women, however highborn, will do dirty things to injure a rival.

"M. Guitry," in the play "Les Hannetons"

The natural history professor who is faithful to "Polaire," the *grisette*, who wearies him

A Comedy of Pain

Is it interesting, or amusing, to see the misunderstandings of a Latin Quarter couple reflected on the stage? Are we very much concerned in the painful little scenes between the natural history professor (Guitry) and the *grisette* (Polaire)? The word comes naturally, as a companion to the Doumier picture M. Guitry recalls. He is delightful, with his long fair hair and beard, his pipe, his wide trousers, his hands in his pockets, his feet on the sofa, and his gait. And his *grisette* is Polaire, exasperating Polaire, disappointing Polaire. Three acts of petty disputes, temper, and tears, that could have been condensed into one, M. Brieux, and we should have gone home refreshed. We could have laughed and sympathised during one act, but we yawned and fidgeted, and wondered why Guitry did not throw Polaire out of the window after the key, and put an end to her and the piece. At least, I did, and I think there are others. That a man should be weak enough to live with a woman he has got tired of is silly enough and human enough, but that we should be expected to have spent a pleasant evening looking on that man's weakness wants a larger dose of philosophy than the ordinary playgoer brings with him.

"Polaire," in the play "Les Hannetons"

The *grisette*, exasperating and disappointing, who, however, is attracting all Paris

There are, however, touches in *Les Hannetons* that are compensations, clever touches that have been taken from life, undoubtedly. M. Brieux has studied the characters of his Pierre and Charlotte, and knows how Pierres delight to put their feet on the sofas, and how Charlottes scold. Even when the girl has been brought back after her attempted suicide—within arm's length of a bargeman—and takes her place again in the irregular household, she cannot help calling the man's feet off the offending sofa. And as the curtain descends on the sharp little reprimand we have a vista of a hundred performances and more of the same scenes, and can imagine Pierre and Charlotte bickering through life as they do on the stage. If Guitry does not curse the piece before he has played it twenty nights, it will be because he is making money with it. But I pity him.

Anatole France's Mistake

M. Anatole France has treated the subject of a woman's caprice in *Au Petit Bonheur*, the one-act play that precedes *Les Hannetons* at the Renaissance. He is a charming writer, as everybody knows, but he missed his mark when he made his serious lover a monologist. A man who monologues is a bore, and women will not be bored. Why should they? A widow, who has some experience of life, has the choice between a good respectable man who really loves her and a naughty butterfly who kisses every flower. She prefers the butterfly—as a caprice. *Au petit bonheur!* Can we blame her? M. France, you, who are so charming as M. Bergeret, did not you know that that long speech of your serious lover would put him out of court? Surely. FRANCES KEYZER.

A Good Fruit Lunch

There are very few places in Town where it is possible to get a real fruit lunch. I only know of one, and that is at the establishment of Messrs. B. Shearn and Son, at No. 231, Tottenham Court Road. There, in a delightful room, full of the most lovely palms, one can lunch, as one can imagine the gods lunching, on fruit and cream and anything else one fancies, with the exception, of course, of meat. Such an establishment would be a perfect godsend in Fleet Street or Piccadilly for instance, and it is to be hoped that, in the not too distant future, one will find its way to one or both of these neighbourhoods.

With the Prince of Wales in India

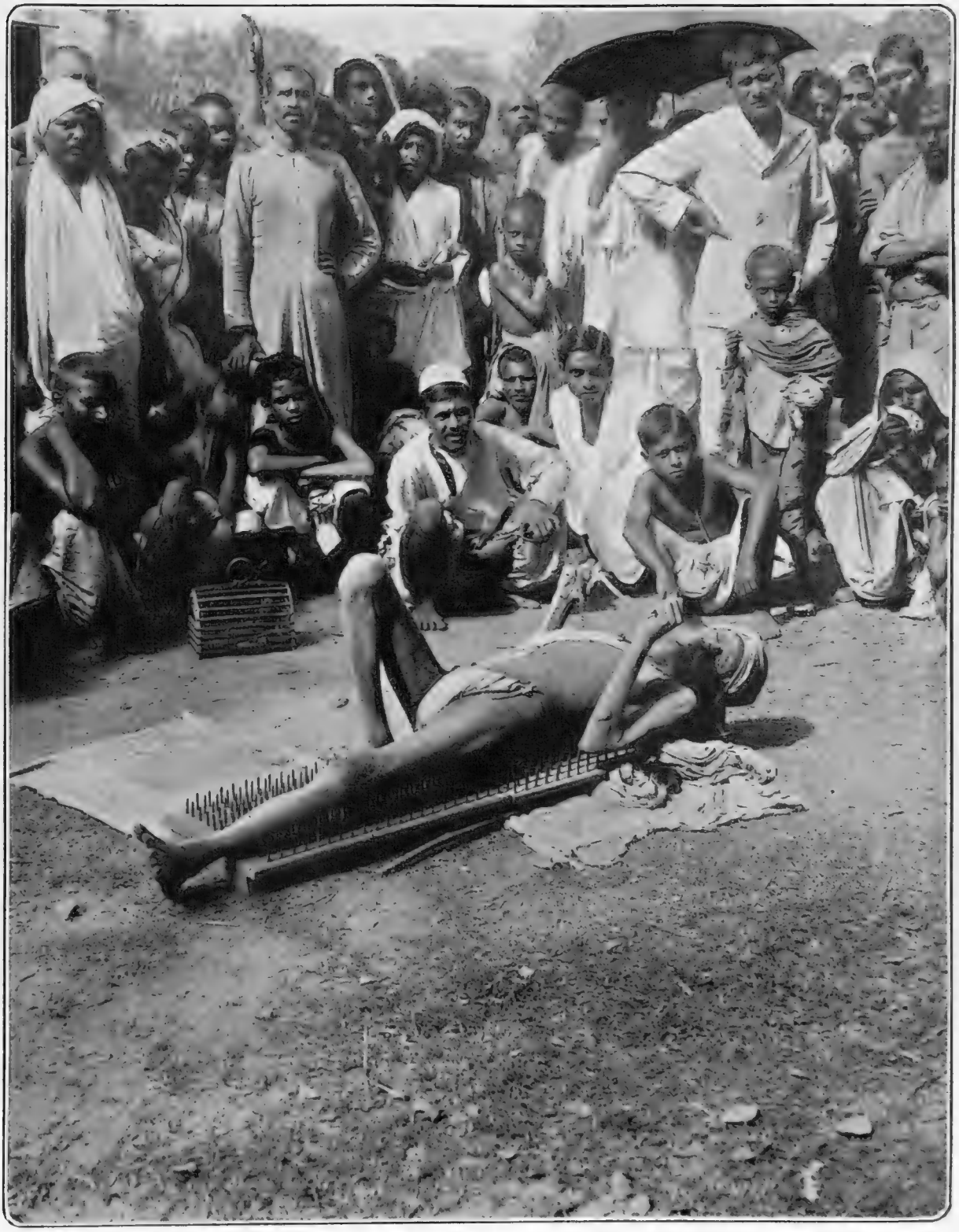
SIGHTS AT BENARES, THE HOLY CITY

From Stereo Copyright] **Alligators as Scavengers** [*Underwood and Underwood*

These reptiles, known as "mugger," swarm not only in the Ganges, but in many rivers and lakes all over India. Often they are kept in tanks for pets, though they are more often tolerated as scavengers. Their appetite is in proportion to the size of their mouths. Fish, water-fowl, stray dogs and calves, venturesome children, all are welcome provender. These creatures breathe through the nostrils set in the upper side of the extreme end of the snout, for which reason they can approach unseen within a few inches of an unsuspecting victim, keeping all but the nostrils under water. Indeed, they can stay entirely under water some time without breathing at all, and one common device of theirs for securing a particularly large and heavy "kill" is to drag the victim down under the water and drown it. A few years ago a monster just like these was killed in the Ganges, near Benares, and when his body was opened, it contained nearly forty pounds weight of metal bracelets and bangles once worn by Hindoo girls and women. One exceedingly valuable service the fearsome things do perform in this land of heat and pestilence—they are river scavengers, devouring without fastidious discrimination all sorts of noxious objects which are thrown into the water, and at Benares they exist in great numbers, living on the half-charred corpses which are, in accordance with Hindoo religion, placed in the river to float to the Hindoo heaven

With the Prince of Wales in India

SIGHTS AT BENARES, THE HOLY CITY



From Stereo Copyright *Underwood and Underwood*

The Fakir Mendicant

You are at the side of a road (writes a correspondent), fringed with imposing Hindoo temples which abut on the sacred Ganges, and to which resort all the devout pilgrims. This fakir is just such as you will meet there, a religious mendicant who spends his days in the fulfilment of more or less ascetic vows. It is impossible for a western mind to judge how far his practices are dictated by sincere zeal, and how far they recommend themselves merely as a way to get a living. That cloth spread out on the ground and anchored with stones, lies there ready to receive such offerings of money or food as the charitable may be disposed to offer. One coin, at least, has already been contributed. He has cannily chosen for his self-mortification a spot passed by hosts of worshippers on their way to the Temples. The photographer, who watched him dispose his gaunt frame on this extraordinary bed, says he took a good deal of pains to lie down cautiously, and to distribute his weight so that there would be a minimum of risk to his skin; in fact, long exposure has rendered his skin so tough that it would not easily be punctured by those rather blunt spikes

Sport and Spectacle: The English

Thirty thousand people at Fulham

Some hard remarks have been passed upon those whose devotion to sport is confined to watching the exertion of others. But the English football public cares not one jot for abuse. Every year it seems to b standard of judging "gates" is continu

aze for Watching Football Matches

ad watching an Association Cup-tie

the increase, with the result that the ing altered. Now 30,000 is regarded as a good attendance, but excites no comment. In the match illustrated above, Notts Forest, who played fine football, defeated the home team by 3 goals to 1

The Connoisseur.

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW LIGHTS

Reproduction of a Dutch eighteenth-century chandelier adapted to modern uses

The coming into use of gas as a means of household lighting happened to synchronise with the decadence of the decorative arts of the home, and the so-called gasalier of the last generation, struggle as it would, never succeeded in becoming an object of beauty. On the contrary, the very method in which the light came from the burner prevented the use of the many fine examples of antique design which had in the past been used for lamps or candles. But we may congratulate ourselves on belonging to a happier period when the use of electric light admits of a return to the excellent designs of Georgian days, or periods far anterior.

The Use of the Antique

At the Arts and Crafts Exhibition this year are several examples of the adaptation of antique work to modern uses. Messrs. Osler, of Oxford Street, among others, show some of their best manufactures in this direction. The illustrations we give are from their collection, and display much more clearly than words the clever fashion in which they have taken advantage of the skill of the past and made it serve a present-day purpose.

The Illustrations

The first photograph shows what is practically a reproduction of a Dutch eighteenth-century chandelier in copper or bronze, excellently suited to a modern room. The second is of Georgian character, and matches well with the furniture of that period, which is now, once more, so generally in use.

The two next illustrations are of a more original character, but are based upon the same wise principles as governed the design of this class of work in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Such lamps as we show are appropriate to most houses of to-day, and, indeed, are distinguished, without being in any way insistent, in any surroundings.

Crystalline Chandeliers

But apart from this simpler style of work, electric light lends itself with remarkable ease and grace to the revival of those fine crystalline chandeliers which ornamented the great houses of a couple of centuries ago. Of these elaborate and brilliant lamps, Messrs. Osler have a fine collection, but they are for the palace, or, at least, Park Lane, and require space, dignity, and an environment *de luxe*, to enable them to show to advantage.

Modern electric fitting, showing influence of eighteenth-century Continental work

To Suit all Purses

But those who have not great possessions may be equally happy; as a matter of fact, electric light can be extremely decorative, bright, and cheerful, as seen with very modest fittings. Of these, as well as of those for the wealthy—for the million as well as the millionaire—Messrs. Osler have a vast number of designs from which to choose—the only things you will *not* find in their galleries are the vulgar, the ugly, the undistinguished.

E. M.

Example of Georgian character fitted with electric candles

Modern electric fitting of a design based on early styles

OUR SERIES OF WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 10.

By CHARLES MARRIOTT.

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study."—*Chesterfield.*

Percy Buckle, qualified assistant to Mr. John Hermon, Chemist by Examination, had finished tidying-up after the day's dispensing, and was preparing to settle down to the *Pharmaceutical Journal*, when the door-bell clanged, and a woman gustily entered the shop. Into that chilly and decorous place she brought an atmosphere of warmth and vitality, and as Percy rose from his chair behind the counter, he thought of crimson roses and generous wine, and a band playing march music. The woman—not quite a lady, Percy decided—was tall and of ripe figure, with velvety dark eyes, red lips, and a full white throat; and if Percy had been quick at words he would have said that she moved gallantly. She gave the impression of bounding health and of youth passionately prolonged — for she must have been at least thirty — and Percy's observant eyes caught the gleam of gold-stopping in her white teeth, and, though she was not obviously "made-up," he felt sure that the milky bloom of her complexion owed something to cosmetics. As she advanced to the counter, Percy's nose, by long use indifferent to the aromatic odours of the shop, detected a new and subtle perfume surrounding her like an envelope. He wished that he could cure himself of the weakness of blushing whenever he saw a handsome woman. Apparently she noticed his embarrassment, for her full lips were smiling as, with lowered eyes, she fumbled in her red Russia leather purse for a scrap of paper. Percy's own eyes fluttered and fell as she gave him a prescription over the counter, and he observed, in passing, her large, well-formed hand with manicured finger-nails.

"Will you make that up at once, please?" she said impulsively.

Her voice was powerful and yet soft, as if warmed and enriched by passing through her splendid throat.

"Shall I send it for you, madam?" said Percy discreetly.

"No thanks—I'll wait. I'm suffering horribly."

From internal evidence Percy concluded that "Miss Pemberton's" prescription was for neuralgia, and, indeed, he noticed that her left cheek glowed warmer than the other, and that, in spite of her smiling lips, her eyes were misty with pain. He wished that he could summon up courage to say, "Then you bear it very bravely." The idea of this glorious creature in pain afflicted him strangely, and he was turning away, when she said with a little confusion:

"By the way—that isn't my name; not now. Will you please alter it to Mrs. Woolright on the label?"

"A honeymoon wife," thought Percy. But for the fact that the prescription written for "Miss Pemberton" was dated only six months ago, he would have said that she was a widow recently remarried. He decided that in letting her go about alone Mr. Woolright was unappreciative, and did not deserve his good fortune.

Percy Buckle was not quite so self-possessed as usual when he went behind the screen of the dispensing department. The prescription involved rather delicate manipulation and the use of a mortar, and for once Percy bungled and had to begin over again. While he weighed and dissolved, he was conscious that he was listening to the woman as she rustled about the shop, humming to herself and tapping with her fingers on the glass cases.

Perhaps Mrs. Woolright noticed that the grave, good-looking young man was disturbed by her proximity, for, after he had handed her the bottle and given her the change of a sovereign, she lingered for a moment.

"What sort of a place is this?" she asked, in her curiously impulsive manner, and smiling at him.

Our next week's story will be "The Temptation of Theresa," by Frederick Fenn

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"Oh, very select," stammered Percy.

She nodded, pursing up her mouth.

"Any amusements?"

Percy summed up the resources of the little West-country watering-place, and, encouraged by seeing Mr. Hermon peering round the door behind the dispensing department, he ventured to say:

"I don't think you'll be bored."

"Oh, I shan't be bored," she said, laughing frankly. "No, I shan't be bored. Well, good-morning," she added, with an amused and yet kindly glance at him.

As Percy returned from closing the door after her, Mr. Hermon stepped down into the shop.

"Damn fine woman, Buckle," he said, smacking his lips.

Mr. Hermon was a little, shrewd-faced, clean-shaven man, with a large bald head, and a manner that implied a wide and tolerant experience of human nature.

Percy reddened to his ears, but said nothing.

"Reserved for the nobility, eh, what?" said Mr. Hermon.

"Her name is Mrs. Woolright," said Percy, with a dignity that surprised himself.

"H'm," said Mr. Hermon drily, and glancing at the open page of the prescription book. "Well," he added, turning away, "it's experience you want, Buckle—*savoir-faire*, as the French say. Talk to 'em, talk to 'em, my boy—but don't lose your head."

With a feeling that the shop seemed very cold and quiet after the lady's departure, Percy sat down behind the counter, but instead of reading *The Pharmaceutical Journal* he fell to day-dreaming. Being young and virtuous, his recent emotion led him naturally and quickly to thoughts about the future; about the full flower and development of his own life. He was ambitious and enthusiastic in the practice of his profession, and not merely with a view to material advancement. He took a keen imaginative pleasure in the study of drugs, and had already contributed articles on "The Alkaloids of Cinchona" and "A New Formula for Neutral Solutions of the Hypophosphites" over the signature "Hermes Trismegistus" to the *Journal* which now lay disregarded on his knee. Next year, with ordinary luck, he would be able to write "Pharmaceutical Chemist" after his name; Mr. Hermon was only "Chemist by Examination." Percy lived "out" with his widowed mother, in her own cottage half a mile up the Combe, and he had accumulated quite a comfortable little sum in the Post Office Savings Bank. Simple and dignified in his life, he was not indifferent to social pleasures; he played a good game of chess, sang bass in the local Philharmonic Society, and belonged to the tennis club. Altogether, he was looked upon as a very promising young man.

From the laboratory behind the shop came Mr. Hermon's voice, singing in a nasal tenor:

Tired, so tired, my dar-ling. The day has been ve-ry long,
. . . It's ti-me for E-ven-song.

Percy was rather sorry for Mr. Hermon. He had quite a good business, it is true, but with middle-age he seemed to have lost interest and enterprise. For one thing, thought Percy, looking round the shelves, when he started in business for himself he would have a more systematic arrangement of bottles. Mr. Hermon was averse from change.

"It's all right for you, Buckle," he would say, when the young man suggested some alteration, "but when you get to my age you'll let well alone. This may not seem very methodical, but I know it. If I'm knocked up in the night I can come down half-asleep and lay my hand on anything I want."

Percy's reverie had reached the consideration of the exact pattern of gold label he would have on his own bottles and drawers when, as the abbreviated Latin inscriptions formed themselves in his mind—

"Good God!"

He jumped up, upsetting his chair, and, after a hasty glance at the prescription book, ran round to the bench behind the screen. The mortar and measures were washed and put away, but Percy Buckle knew that for the first time in his career he had made a mistake in dispensing medicine. He dashed into the laboratory where Mr. Hermon, in shirt-sleeves and apron, surrounded by a spicy odour, with reddened fingers, was packing wet roots into a pear shaped percolator.

"Now keep your head, Buckle, keep your head," said the chemist, looking up under his brows at the agitated young man. "What is it?"

Percy stammered a hardly coherent explanation.

"Ssh—there's no need to frighten the Missis," said Mr. Hermon. He led the way into the shop and ran his finger down the prescription book.

"Butyl Chloral—Great Scott!" he said, looking up with a startled face.

"No, that's all right, that's all right—and I know that the doses were correct," said Percy excitedly, "but I left out the Tincture of *Gelsemium*."

Mr. Hermon closed the book with a bang.

"What shall I do?" said Percy, distractedly.

"Noth-ing," drawled Mr. Hermon quietly, and began to whistle.

"Oh, but——?"

"Now look here, Buckle," said Mr. Hermon, in a cooing voice, and tapping the young man on the arm with his red-stained forefinger, "take it calmly. This prescription is six months old, and it was written God knows where, by God knows whom. Who's to know you didn't make it up properly? Not the patient, unless she's devilish smart—and even then it would be easy to lie."

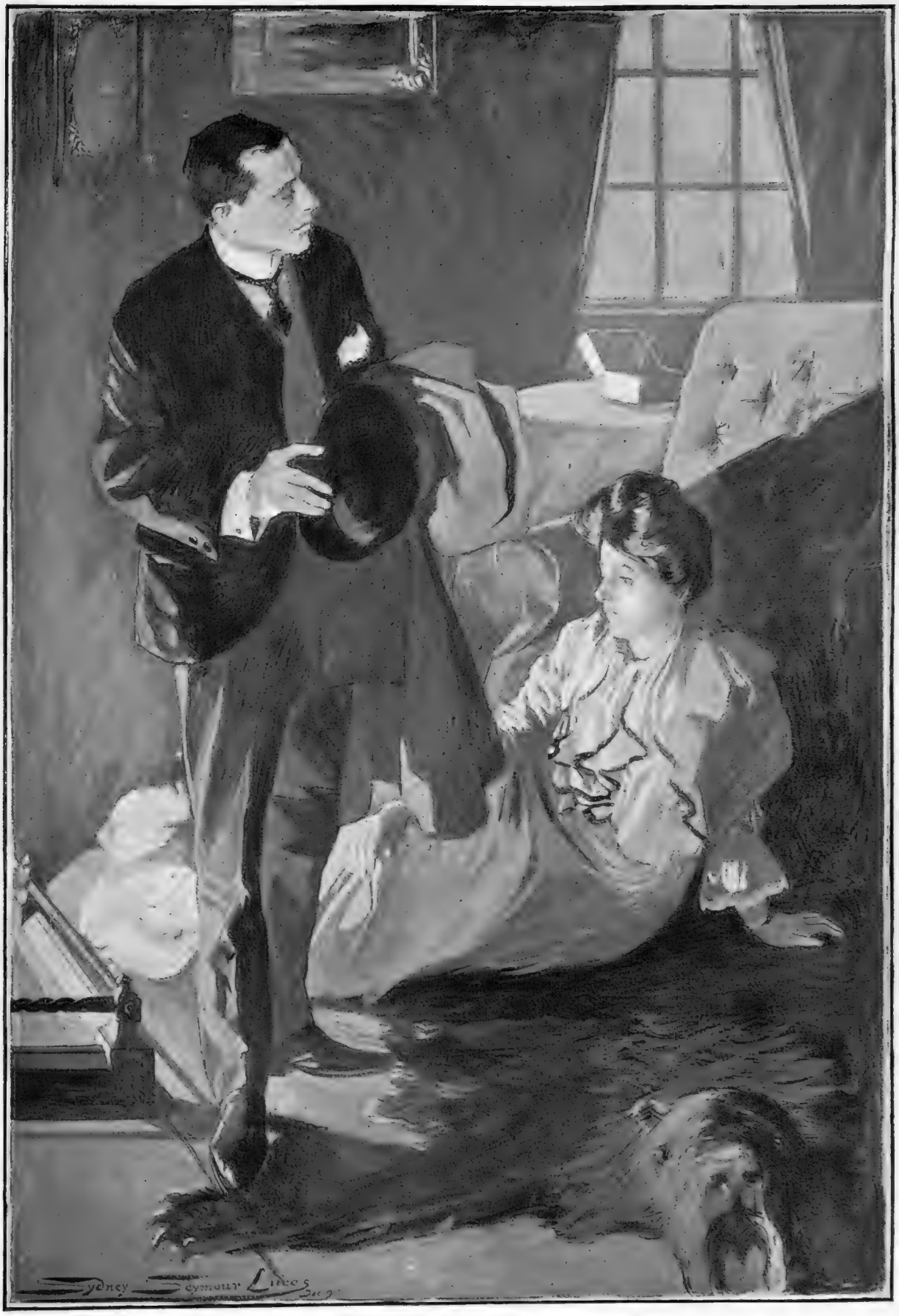
"I shan't be satisfied till I've put it right," said Percy, uneasily.

Mr. Hermon raised his eyebrows.

"You understand what it means, Buckle?" he said, gravely. "If the lady turns up nasty—and she looked as if she had the devil of a temper, that sort always has—I, well, much as I like you, Buckle, I can't afford to keep an assistant who makes mistakes. Whereas, if it remains between you and me and the Tinct. Gel-se-mi-um—well, I'm not infallible myself. See?"

Just for a moment, Percy Buckle hesitated. He recognised the justice of Mr. Hermon's argument. The effect on the patient of his omission would be infinitesimal, but if he left his present employment in consequence of a blunder, his own future would be gravely compromised.

"Come, come," said Mr. Hermon soothingly.



He tried to tell her about himself and his ambitions. She listened sympathetically, drawing him out with leading questions

DRAWN BY SYDNEY SEYMOUR LUCAS *(TO ILLUSTRATE OUR WORLDLY STORY)*

"It's no use—I must go and get it back," said Percy with a sigh, and turning away.

Mr. Hermon held open the door for him.

"Well—wish you luck, Buckle," he said drily, but kindly.

Until he got outside the shop, Percy had not remembered that he did not know Mrs. Woolright's address. He concluded, however, that she would be more likely to be stopping at one of the two hotels than in private lodgings. He hurried along the windy Parade, where a few muffled visitors wandered disconsolately, and ran up the steps of "The Haven." Mrs. Woolright was not known there. At "The Links" at the other end of the Parade he ran her to earth. A maid, looking curiously at his agitated face when he said that he wanted to see Mrs. Woolright urgently, gave his message and, returning, took him upstairs to private rooms on the first floor.

Mrs. Woolright's jolly deep-chested "Come in!" somewhat calmed him, and he entered the cosy sitting-room, where a fire burned cheerfully, feeling that, perhaps, he was unnecessarily scrupulous in coming to explain his error.

Mrs. Woolright, who looked more beautiful than ever in an amber tea-gown, seemed more amused than surprised to see him. He stammered something about medicine and a mistake. For a moment her face looked grey and old, but as he went on to explain, her colour came back.

"Good gracious, man, how you frightened me!" she said rather tartly.

"Oh, it couldn't possibly have made much difference," he hastened to assure her.

"No?" she asked, raising her eyebrows quizzically. "I suppose that's how doctors and chemists make such a lot of money?"

Rather piqued, he endeavoured to correct her ideas.

"Oh, the *Tinctura Gelsemii* is undoubtedly an adjunct to the mixture."

"Tinct——what?"

"Tincture of Yellow Jasmine."

"Yellow Jasmine for Neuralgia—how funny—and pretty, too," she said, smiling reflectively.

"Oh, there's a lot of poetry about drugs, if people would only consider," he assured her.

"Really?" she said, with an interested glance at his fresh, earnest, young face.

"Yes——," he answered, and stopped, too shy to pursue the subject further. "Well, as I said," he continued hastily, "although the difference was not noticeable, I ought to have put it in, and I'm extremely sorry——"

"Oh, bless you," she said, cutting him short, "I was none the wiser, though I've had it made up half a dozen times. It's worry, I suppose. I always get neuralgia when I'm bothered."

There was a little pause, and Percy, feeling that he had no excuse for remaining, said: "Well—if you'll give me the bottle."

"Are you in a hurry—have a cigarette?" she said, good-naturedly.

He began to make excuses, but she waved him to a chair, saying:

"Do sit down, you look horribly upset."

He obeyed, and took a cigarette from the gold case she held out to him. As he sat down, he was struck by the look of preparation in the warmly curtained, soft-carpeted room. It was as if someone were expected. Apparently, Mrs. Woolright had been unpacking when he disturbed her; an evening gown was flung over the back of a chair, and an open dressing-case stood in the doorway of the bedroom, beyond where the reflection of a fire flickered on the yellow wall-paper. As if she followed his thoughts, she said:

"I've nobody to talk to for the moment; my husband can't get here till this evening."

"Well," she said, when she had lit a cigarette, "what made you come and tell me this?"

Percy wished he had the courage to say, "To see you again." Instead, he replied:

"I couldn't feel comfortable until I had corrected my mistake."

"But if nobody knew?"

"Oh, well—as a matter of principle."

"Ah?" she said, looking at the end of her cigarette with a thoughtful smile.

"Well," she continued, "supposing I had made a fuss?"

Percy was not sorry for this opportunity to tell her what he had risked. She turned round in her chair, and leaning her chin on her hand, listened with interest. Percy noticed that in spite of her general air of well-being, her face in repose took on a melancholy expression. He was struck, too, by the impression that she studied and made the most of her personal appearance, but not as if to attract outsiders. It was as if she took an artistic pleasure in the care of her body.

"And you think," she said, when he had finished, "that even when what you do makes no difference to anybody but yourself, you ought to stick to principle?"

"One must play the game," said Percy.

She turned away, and for a little while was silent, smiling rather sadly to herself.

"I wonder," she murmured.

"I'm sure of it," he said.

"Well, look here—here's a case," she said abruptly. "I know a woman, a good little woman, too, but negative—colourless—whose husband is kind to her in every way, but—I suppose you'd say he doesn't play the game. There's another woman, you know, not a patch on his wife, except in looks and a sort of intensity, but loyal and loving. Well, the man argues that it's all right. His wife doesn't know, doesn't dream—she believes in him, and he says that so long as she isn't worried——"

"It isn't playing the game," said Percy, shaking his head.

"But you see, they—he and the other woman—do care an awful lot for each other. She's—I'm afraid she isn't a bit better than she ought to be—but there it is. It's the real thing, you know. It isn't one of those beastly sordid arrangements; she gets nothing but just him."

"Oh," said Percy, "I'm not a moralist, you know." She looked hugely amused, but he went on defiantly, "and so far as they are concerned, I don't see why they shouldn't—but it's the wife."

"Still," said Mrs. Woolright, dabbing her cigarette

(Continued on page 340)

Demure Dresses for Musical Comedy

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

"Girls on my stages wear frocks, not tights," says Mr. George Edwardes

The above picture (Miss Dorothy Hanbury, in *The Catch of the Season* at the Vaudeville) gives a good idea of the demure up-to-date costume in musical comedy, which, according to Mr. Edwardes, has displaced tights. The change, he says, has caused the erstwhile stage-door "masher" to disappear, and devote himself to more serious pursuits

(Continued from page 338)

on an ash tray, "she doesn't suffer, because she doesn't know. He doesn't in any way neglect her for the other woman. Every now and then—but not often—they—he and the other woman—arrange to meet, and go quietly away somewhere for a week or two and forget everything but each other. You mustn't think it's a case of riotous living, spending a lot of money so that the wife goes short of it; they—he and the other woman—can be passionately happy in the simplest way."

"Doesn't affect the question," said Percy stoutly, "he ought to play the game. He's promised, and he should stick to his promise."

"And you think she the other woman—ought to give him up?"

"Yes; don't you?"

"Well, I'm not sure," said Mrs. Woolright, with a little nervous laugh. "*She* thinks so, sometimes—when he isn't there. But the moment she sees him——" She rose abruptly, and with flaming cheeks bent to stir the fire.

Percy went hot all over. He understood, and in another moment he would have stammered idiotic apologies, but she saved him.

"I should think you're very interested in your work, aren't you?" she said in a matter-of-fact tone, smoothing down her dress as she knelt on the rug.

He tried to tell her about himself and his ambitions. She listened sympathetically, drawing him out with leading questions.

"You ought to be very happy, Mr. Buckle," she said, "with such definite objects. Keep young, oh keep young and single—I don't mean don't marry if you want to—but don't complicate your life. It's always a mistake."

On leaving he stammered his gratitude for her forbearance over his blunder.

"Oh, not at all," she said, with her sleepy smile, "I'm glad it happened. I've quite enjoyed our little chat."

"I'll send the medicine round at once," he said.

"Oh, there's no hurry about that," she said, absently, "my neuralgia's a lot better—even without the Yellow Jasmine! Any time this evening will do."

"Well," said Mr. Hermon, significantly pulling out his watch, when Percy got back to the shop.

"Oh, she was very nice about it," said Percy, modestly.

"Buckle—it's my belief you're a dawg," said Mr Hermon.

Percy did not reply, but immediately set about making up the medicine for Mrs. Woolright. Walter, the errand-boy, happened to be out for the afternoon, and, consequently, it was nearly two hours later when Percy sent him round to the hotel with the corrected medicine. He was absent a considerable time, and returned with the bottle in his hand.

"The lady's gone," he said indignantly, "and I've been badgered with questions till I don't know who I am."

Almost on his heels, a tall, middle-aged man, with a very pale face, grizzled hair, and a pointed black beard, entered the shop.

"A Mrs. Woolright called here to get some medicine made up?" he said, civilly but abruptly.

Percy said "Yes," rather hoping—though he did not exactly know why—that his visit to the hotel would be resented; but the man evidently considered him of no consequence except as a possible source of information.

"Apparently Mrs. Woolright has found it necessary to change her plans rather suddenly," he said, with assumed indifference, though his eyes were haggard with anxiety. "And the people at the hotel seemed to think that she might have mentioned to you where she was going."

His eagerness to snatch at the faintest clue was so evident that Percy felt quite sorry for him.

"Mrs. Woolright said nothing to me," he said, and then feeling that he ought to be frank, he added, "I had to go to the hotel to see Mrs. Woolright. There was some little doubt about the directions on the bottle, and we make it a practice to take every precaution."

"Quite so, quite so," said the man absently, adding, as if to himself, "It's very perplexing," and staring at the floor with sombre eyes.

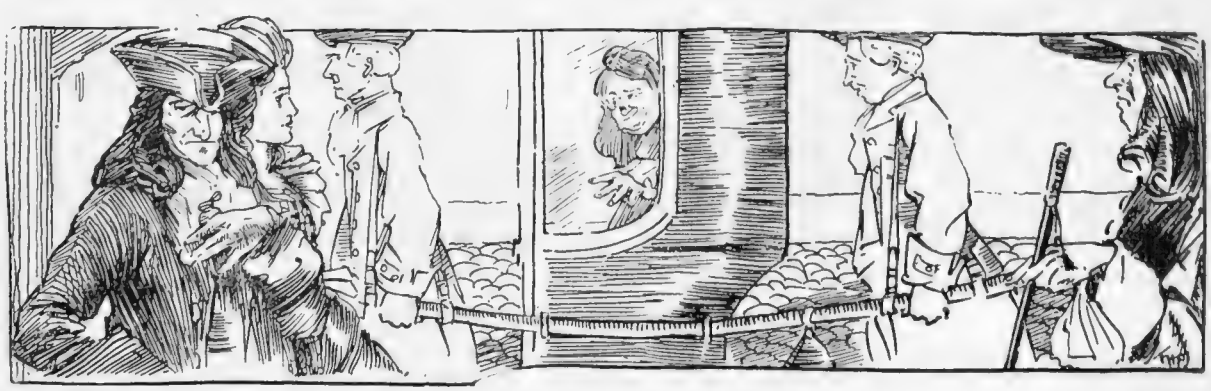
"Can I do anything?" said Percy.

"Oh, no, thanks," said the other, coming out of his reverie. "No doubt I shall hear to-night. I only thought that, possibly—well, good evening."

Two mornings later, when Percy got down to the shop, Mr. Hermon greeted him waggishly.

"Letter for you, Buckle—came this morning. The Missis hopes it's all right—she takes a motherly interest in you, you know."

Percy, who felt a hard lump in the delicately scented envelope, did not open it until he was alone. The enclosure was a little sprig of Yellow Jasmine. Written, in a large, irregular hand, in violet ink, on the paper were the words: "Thanks. I've played the game" CHARLES MARRIOTT.



By Field, Stream, and Covert

February Sport

We are well into the month of February as I write these lines, and still the season keeps as open as the keenest of foxhunters could desire. Many Februarys can be called to mind which have yielded the best sport of the whole season, and there seems no reason to anticipate a bad month this year. At all events, some brilliant runs have been enjoyed in different parts of the country during the past few days. The Quorn on the 3rd inst. made an eleven-mile point from the Normanton Hills in an hour and forty minutes, and they killed their fox near to Broughton Station at the end of this fine gallop. The Warwickshire opened the month with several remarkably good days, and the Rufford and other packs in the Midlands likewise enjoyed good sport. The Duke of Beaufort's Hounds were in fine form after their appointment at Cherrington on the 1st inst., and we are able to give some interesting photographs of their meet, which was a large one, and included many visitors from Earl Bathurst's country. Nothing out of the ordinary was achieved to start with, but a fox of the genuine Badminton stamp was ousted from George's Gorse, and he gave them, perhaps, the finest run enjoyed with the ducal pack so far this year. He took them into the heart of the V.W.H. country, and was hunted at a great pace past Flistridge to Charlton Park, and then on to Garsden and Lea, where he was clever enough to beat hounds. The point was estimated at eight miles, and the time at eighty minutes, and seldom, indeed, have the followers of the pack ridden over a more pleasant line of country.

Meet of the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds at Cherrington on February 1

No New Pack for the Shires

The important question as to whether the Charnwood side of the Quorn country should be handed over to a separate pack next season has been carefully considered by the Quorn Hunt Committee. The suggested advantages of the proposed scheme were that the district in question would be much more efficiently covered by hounds than is possible under present arrangements, and it would enable the Quorn to devote exclusive attention to the abundance of foxes on the best side of their country, and to be managed more effectively as a four-days-a-week pack. The difficulties in the way of the proposal mainly centred in financial considerations. Those hunting

Will Dale takes the hounds to George's Gorse, from which one of the best runs of the season started

people who live in the proposed separate country would naturally be expected to subscribe to the new pack, and in all probability the majority of them would, in that case, fail to see the force of continuing their subscriptions to the Quorn. For some time past the Quorn Committee have not found it particularly easy to make both ends meet, and any upheaval of the Hunt's finances, such as the new scheme might involve, could not be contemplated with feelings of equanimity. Taking all things into account, therefore, it has been deemed the wiser plan to allow the country to remain in its present state. The decision may possibly be a trifle disappointing to those Meltonians who find no pleasure in the forest days, but Captain Frank Forester can still rely upon the occasional assistance of the Earl of Harrington in keeping down the number of foxes in the Charnwood district.

Early arrivals at the Badminton Meet at Cherrington, which brought many visitors from the V.W.H. country

Quorn and Mr. Fernie's

There are, doubtless, a few members of the Quorn who cast a longing eye on Mr. Fernie's country, and imagine the delights of an amalgamation of the two sides of Leicestershire. Time was when the Quorn Hounds held sway over the whole dominion, but a change was effected on the death of Sir Richard Sutton fifty years ago. Lord Stamford, the incoming Master of the Quorn, showed no anxiety to take over the tract which had been loaned by Sir Richard Sutton to his son, and thus Mr. Tailby's offer to form a separate establishment was accepted by enthusiasts in the neighbourhood of Billesdon and Market Harborough. For twenty-two years Mr. Tailby showed very fine sport over a delightful ocean of grass, and, in the meantime, regret was expressed within Quorn circles that the country should ever have been parted with. And so, when Mr. Tailby gave up the Mastership in 1878, an effort was made by Mr. Coupland, the reigning Master of the Quorn, to recover the lost province. Sir Bache Cunard had been chosen by the Market Harborough people to succeed Mr. Tailby, and as no mutual agreement between the two Hunts could be arrived at, the whole matter was submitted to arbitration. Boodle's fox-hunting committee acted as adjudicators, and their award was, that while the Quorn were strictly entitled to the country, it would be contrary to the best interests of sport to press the claim. And accepting this judgment in a sportsmanlike spirit, the two countries have progressed amicably ever since, and so successful has been the Mastership of Mr. C. W. B. Fernie, who succeeded Sir Bache Cunard in 1888, that the matter will never be brought up again so long as he holds the reins of office. Towards the end of January Mr. Fernie was unable to hunt on account of an attack of influenza, but he is in good health again at the moment of writing. Fine sport has been enjoyed this season over Mr. Fernie's incomparable scent-carrying pastures, and the hounds are now among the best in the kingdom. Some excellent examples of the pack are shown in an accompanying page of illustrations.

The Melton Hunt Ball

The electoral contest interfered with several hunt dances, but that excitement has quite died away, and hunting people have gladly thrown their energies into the pleasant balls arranged in various districts. The Melton Hunt Ball took place on Thursday, Feb. 1, at the Corn Exchange, Melton Mowbray, and proved, as usual, one of the most enjoyable events of the season in the Shires. The room was most tastefully decorated, the walls being hung with white, and large Empire wreaths of green, with red bows in true lover's knots underneath. Masses of red tulips and narcissi were grouped about the room; the floor, a parquet one, had been laid down for the occasion, and Herr Stanislaus Wurm's band played a delightful selection of music. The success of the ball was largely due to the efforts of Colonel and Mrs. Baldock and Mrs. Burns-Hartopp, who superintended the arrangements. Among those present were: Captain Forester (M.F.H.) and Mrs. Forester, the Duchess of Newcastle, Lady Augusta Fane, Lady Gerard, Captain and Mrs. Burns-Hartopp, the Duke de Penalanda, the Marquis of Douro, Lady Algernon Turnor and the Misses Turnor, Mrs. and the Misses Finch, Lady Castlereagh, Lady Constance Stuart-Richardson, Major and Mrs. Muir, Lady Angela Forbes, Lady Yarborough, Miss Chaplin, Mr. and Mrs. Broklehurst, Mrs. B. Sheriffe, Mrs. Mackey, Mrs. T. Cawley, Mrs. F. Belville, Mr and Mrs. Hilliard, Mr. and Mrs. Peake, Miss Markham, Mr. de Crespigny, and many others, numbering nearly three hundred.

A. W. C.

A Visit to Mr. Fernie's Kennels

Photos *Bowden Bros.*

1. The huntsman's house 2. The kennels 3. T. Isaac (huntsman) talking to the pack
4. Dasher and Vagabond, son of Belvoir Dasher, 1900, dam Vanquish, 1897
5. Fidget and Filbert, 1st prize couple of unentered bitches at Peterboro' Hound Show this year
6. In the kennels

The Library

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Art of Portrait Painting." By the Hon. John Collier. (Cassell and Co., Ltd. : 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Days with Velasquez." By C. Lewis Hind. (A. and C. Black : 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

FICTION

"The Sea Maid." By Ronald MacDonald. (Methuen : 6*s.*)

"A Dazzling Reprobate." By W. H. R. Trowbridge. (Fisher Unwin : 6*s.*)

A valuable addition to one's art books is "The Art of Portrait Painting," by the Hon. John Collier (Cassell : 10*s.* 6*d.*). It traces the progress of this branch of art from the days of the colossal portrait of Nero in Ancient Rome, 120 feet in height—the "first of the sky signs"—to the latest "arrangement" by Whistler, and is illustrated by some fine examples of the different schools. It is interesting to see how Mr. Collier places the various great masters. He confesses to regarding Titian as "the greatest painter who ever lived, but not the greatest portrait painter." At the same time, he *was* "the greatest portrait painter of the Renaissance."

Titian's male portraits, with their wonderful dignity and their rich, but sober colouring, can hold their own with those of any other master. His female portraits are apt to be stiff.

"L'homme au Gant"

In the Louvre. One of Titian's finest male portraits

(From "The Art of Portrait Painting," by the Hon. John Collier. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

But the latter, says Mr. Collier, is the fault of many fine painters, which was due to "the extreme gorgeousness of the clothes that the ladies insisted on putting on for their portraits." Titian, according to this critic, "lacked the intense vitality that Velasquez and Rembrandt obtained by their more summary methods." Of the last two, "the greatest portrait painters who have ever lived, I should give the palm to Velasquez." There was, of course, one Vandyke,

a man of great talent, but who, I consider, has had an unfortunate effect on art. He was spoilt by becoming the fashion. Through success, his studio became a manufactory of mannered and superficial portraits.

Here is an account given by one of his friends of Vandyke's method of work, which serves to strengthen this contention :—

He never worked longer than one hour at a time on each portrait. When his clock told the hour he rose and made a bow to the sitter, as much as to say that enough was done for that day, after which his servant came to prepare fresh brushes and palette, while he received another person to whom he had given an appointment. After having lightly sketched the face, he put the sitter in an attitude that he had previously meditated, and with grey paper and black and white crayons he drew in a quarter of an hour the figure and drapery, which he arranged in a grand manner and with exquisite taste. He then handed over the drawing to skilful persons whom he had about him, to paint it from the sitter's own clothes, which were sent on purpose at Vandyke's request. The assistants having done their best with the draperies from nature, he went lightly over them, and soon produced by his genius the art and truth which we there admire. As for the hands, he had in his employment persons of both sexes who served as models.

England's greatest portrait painters were Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney. Of these three, Gainsborough was "the finest colourist and the most original." At the same time, Reynolds excelled in male portraiture.

That there is any comparison to be made between Whistler and Velasquez, as is claimed by many people, Mr. Collier disputes :—

Velasquez' figures are good honest flesh and blood, they are solid, they stand out to the eye as real people. Whistler's are ghosts of people ; flat, with little modelling and no substance. I hold that a portrait should be immensely like a human being. To me the work of Whistler is nothing of the kind. It is, to use his own expression, a harmony in grey and flesh-colour . . . but it is not Mr. Brown and Mrs. Smith.

In about fourteen years time, we shall all, I hope, be celebrating in proper fashion the two hundredth anniversary of the publication of "Robinson Crusoe." This may seem rather a gratuitous piece of information, but it will serve to prove that the desert island in fiction has reached quite a respectable old age. But, somehow, it seems evergreen to the author who would beguile youthful leisure, and hence I am not surprised to find it turn up smiling at any time. This week it does so under the title of "The Sea Maid," by Ronald MacDonald (Methuen : 6*s.*), a story of shipwreck, stranding, weary years of isolation, rescue, mutiny, slaughter, romance, love, and marriage—to mention a few only of its lively contents. The sea-maid herself, "Miss Polynesia," is the daughter of a dean, who, with her father and mother, was, twenty years ago, shipwrecked on the afore-mentioned desert island.

She is a sort of feminine counterpart of Marryat's "Little Savage," being ignorant of what the outer world calls knowledge. Be it said that her first elementary grounding in worldly wisdom is conveyed by some unexpected visitors—Lord Ormsrood and a party of his associates, passengers on a treasure ship, who have been put off in small boats by the mutinous crew. "Miss Polynesia" learns many things, amongst them, of course, rather to like Lord Ormsrood. All are finally rescued and taken back home, and so all ends happily. The story is lightly written, and free from any subtle influences, and can safely be recommended to the youthful reader, being full to completeness of adventure, and variety, and interest.

The desert island, however, as a novelist's theme, seems never so ancient and never so barren as "Society," as it is seen by certain writers. If there are any white hairs in fiction, they are strewn over the pages of that species of novel in which everybody has a title, talks in "epigrams," and professes a contempt for whatever in life is decent and rational on a suspicion that it is middle-class. A literary antique of this kind just published is "A Dazzling Reprobate," by W. H. R. Trowbridge (T. Fisher Unwin), in which the author, having quoted on his title-page the lines from "A Ballad of Reading Gaol":

> And the damned grotesques made arabesques
> Like the wind upon the sand,

evidently imagines himself to be indulging in satire. All he does, however, is to give us a very tedious picture of a phase of life and character exaggerated and exhausted at least ten years ago by a school of authors whose members have now either died, reformed, gone to Africa, or been blessed by bishops in the half-penny Press. All the foolish tarradiddle of that bygone age is revived in "A Dazzling Reprobate." We meet the same "smart" countesses, vulgar duchesses, *nouveaux riches*, gilded youths, who flick scarlet geraniums, enjoy champagne, walk in Piccadilly, and live above their means. One of the heroes of "A Dazzling Reprobate," during a walk in Piccadilly, "cries" to a friend a remark containing no less than fourteen classical similes (he was at Oxford), and talks like this:

> "Love is what the *bourgeois* feel. It is a word that Philistines" (whoever these may be) "employ to express one of their commonplace sentiments." "Punctuality is a virtue in the City, but a vice in the West End." "Morality is merely a point of view."

And so on. However, if there are any readers who still yearn for this sort of thing, the fact that it is a trifle out of date need not deter them from sampling Mr. Trowbridge's *rechauffé*. V. C.

Whistler's "Miss Alexander"

(From "The Art of Portrait Painting," by the Hon. John Collier. Cassells: 10s. 6d.)

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

Concerning "Bart"

A writer who understands something about Englishmen is Mr. Bart Kennedy, who is about to bring out a book about his life as a tramp, a scene-shifter, a chorus-man, and other things, in the United States. He conveys, in a lethargic, elemental sort of way, by the medium of a style that is no style at all, a good deal of the truth about humanity, and especially our kind, in his writings. He has been terribly knocked about by the world since he began as a boy-worker in a cotton mill, but I suppose he "asked for it," as slangy people say, for he seems to have been animated by a sort of dull resolve to see life, and a heavy hatred of the narrow prison of a Lancashire operative's existence. He has been almost everything that an adventurous man with no money at all, and no particular object in life, can be; and he has grown a style that is suggestive of an inspired dock-labourer—thinking aloud. When it has something to say, or something to tell, it can be very powerful, as the *Daily Mail* has been acute enough to see, and it was, no doubt, a happy thought for Lord Northcliffe to turn it on hot, just after the General Election, in the propagation of the supposed doctrines of the new Labour Party. As Labour's Press Agent, Mr. Kennedy possesses a literary style ideally suited to bring the "down with everything" doctrine forcibly before the great public served by Carmelite House.

Parliament's Luck

Perhaps it is rather un-Christian—or un-Nonconformist, which is not necessarily the same thing—of me to say so, but I can find it in my heart to be glad that the Reverend Silas Hocking did not get into Parliament for the Aylesbury Division of Bucks. It is not that the Hon. Walter Rothschild is to me as a brother, but simply because Mr. Hocking is, in his innocent way, a public calamity already, and if he should acquire any more influence than he wields now, the situation would become grave. Most of my readers may not know it, but Mr. Hocking is, by thousands of copies, the most successful of English novelists. Since he wrote "Alec Green" and "Her Benny"—"Her Benny!!"—about thirty years ago, he has achieved the complete subjugation of the Serious Family in Great Britain and, I presume, in Ulster. He is one of the three or four Methodist Free Church ministers "without pastoral charge"; but I think if he ministered to a thousand flocks he could not do more to perpetuate the spirit that keeps Nonconformists

and Anglicans apart, and the spirit of ignorant bitterness towards the Catholic Church.

Britain's Favourite Author

That, however, is not so much my concern as is the fact that the reading matter which Mr. Hocking provides keeps an immense public out of the reach of true literature, and beyond its broadening and sweetening influence. Sentiment of the most puny and unreal kind, strongly dashed with piety, is the soul of these stories. Their principal recommendation to their readers is that they do not excite, and that they impart nothing new. I am afraid they do a great deal of serious spiritual harm. That they are thoroughly British is amply demonstrated by their enormous sale, far exceeding that of the work of any of the more notorious popular writers. Mr. Hocking is welcomed in innumerable households where Miss Corelli is banned as an insidious and corrupting influence. To have him in Parliament with it all would be too much. Mr. Hocking, as a man, is one for whom I have a deep respect. He works furiously at a task that he firmly believes to be great and good. His output is enormous, his enthusiasm vast. But as a literary phenomenon he is baleful.

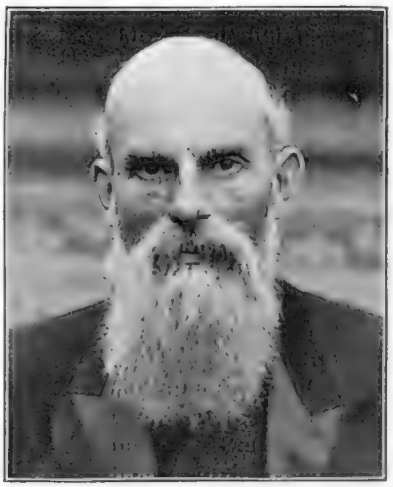


Photo *Newman*

Mr. Joseph Hocking

The literary darling of the Nonconformist Conscience, who unsuccessfully contested the Aylesbury Division against the Hon. Walter Rothschild

Mr. Bartram and England

It is in the nature of a paradox to call Mr. Hocking's work thoroughly British, as I did just now, because everybody knows by instinct that Puritanism, with all its enormous power, is a perversion, not a natural manifestation, of British character. If I were asked what living writer most deeply understood and most faithfully rendered the spirit of England, I should name a man of whom too many of us have yet to make the acquaintance: Mr. George Bartram. The "Literary Year Book," for some reason or other, does not give his name in its list of authors, though Mr. Bartram has published at least half a dozen works through well-known houses, and had the most enthusiastic reviewing, since he astonished and delighted those that know what is good with "The People of Clopton" some years ago. He is from the heart of England, from Shakespeare's country. He understands poaching, and beer, and pugilism, and all the genial barbarism of the open-air Englishman of every class as Shakespeare understood it, and as Borrow understood it, and as people who talk about it a good deal, like Mr. Kipling, never will or can understand it. He knows rustics with a knowledge never vouchsafed to the sombre spirit of Mr. Thomas Hardy, who is, of course, a greater writer. He knows them as Mr. H. G. Wells knows clerks and shopkeepers. His novel of smugglers' life in the old days, "The Longshoremen," is one of the raciest English romances I know. His "Thirteen Evenings" is a book of short stories not to be forgotten. All this by way of introduction to the statement that I hear of Messrs. Duckworth publishing a new book of his very soon. It is, I understand, all about the old prize-ring, and the life in country and town which was its setting. "Lads of the Fancy" is the title.

Charles Kingsley

It is good that the Devon which Charles Kingsley knew and loved so well should now be setting up a monument to one of the greatest of her many worthies. The new Bideford statue is a tribute, long delayed, to the memory of a man whose influence on the mind of England in the Victorian age was great and valuable. We remember him by his novels now: but he stood to his contemporaries as the most vigorous and active apostle of that school of Christian Socialism that F. D. Maurice founded; and the work he did in drawing down public indignation upon the sweating and other social injustices of his day was as lasting and fruitful as it was incongruous in a country parson of sporting tastes. A man wholly and devotedly English, aggressively Protestant, and never at any time a Londoner. It is none too often that the literary world is enlivened by a red-hot dispute, and it is with some satisfaction that he wrote with an exuberant healthiness that will always keep its charm. "Westward Ho!" is one of the great English books, English in its prejudices and failings as in its finer qualities.

Devonshire's tribute to Charles Kingsley

Holne Vicarage, Ashburton, the picturesque birthplace of the author of "Westward Ho!" to whom a statue has been erected at Bideford

Mr. John Murray's reply, in the *Monthly Review*, to Lord Lovelace's violent attack upon the publishing house of his name, in connection with the publication of Byron's 'Memoirs," has just come into my hands. I shall, next week, have a few words to say on this refreshing and vigorous controversy.

ECB

Matters Musical

Strange Noises at Queen's Hall

Not the least enjoyable feature of the performance of Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote" at the Queen's Hall, on the 3rd inst., was the provision by Mr. Henry J. Wood of a little music beforehand. It was gratifying to be reminded of the 150th anniversary of the birth of Mozart in Salzburg, to which I refer later, by a delightfully crisp, clear rendering of the composer's "Haffner" Symphony in D. Though lacking in the breadth and dignity of the later Mozart, it fell gratefully upon one's ears. Then there was Brahms' Double Concerto for violin, 'cello, and orchestra (Mr. Maurice Sons and Professor Hugo Becker as soloists), which has been designated "heavy" and "sombre.' Those adjectives, like most phrases of the critical stock-pot, absolutely fail to characterise Brahms' music. Brahms was a light, not a heavy composer. All the distinctive phrases and melodic passages in his music were of a lyrical character, and that of a very high order. What was the matter with Brahms was that he meandered. In his concerted works, he filled up the spaces between inspirations with musical yawns. One should go to Brahms as to an intellectual musical comedy. Lunch or dine well, so that, when Brahms' music begins to yawn, you may comfortably yawn also, but retain sufficient animation to appreciate the pleasant, refreshing episodes as they, in musical comedy fashion, skip on and off.

The Mozart Celebrations: The composer's birthplace in Salzburg

Salzburg was recently *en fête* in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the birth of Mozart, which included various musical performances, the laying of wreaths on his statue, and open-air festivities

But, perhaps, I have been dealing at too great length with the mere musical part of the entertainment. Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote" must have its share of attention. To plunge into it right away, let me say that by far the best and most satisfying noise of the performance occurred when, in Variation II., Don Quixote finds that he has run into a herd of sheep, who bleat loudly at him (tremolos on the muted brass). The noise was received with gusts of laughter, and one musical critic somewhere near me remarked that it was "a wonderful effect in a few baa's."

The next best noise occurred a little before the sheep-bleats, when Don Quixote having seen windmills, a breeze springs up, the sails smite him, and he lies prone. There are, of course, many other noises in the performance, of varying effectiveness. I think, though, that something must have gone wrong with the works, as the analytical programme speaks about "musical structure" and "euphonious pages." I remained until the very end, and did not notice these interesting features. Perhaps they were omitted owing to shortness of time? However, at the next Strauss performance, their inclusion is certainly to be desired. The programme-book also mentions the interesting fact that Herr Strauss is a composer. Perhaps he, himself, might be induced to write some incidental music for his next work?

The Mozart Celebrations

To return for a moment to Mozart—a pleasing though rather violent change from Strauss — the attention which Salzburg has been paying to his memory is characteristic of the German's attitude towards music. The celebration of the 150th anniversary was no mere musical event. There was, of course, a gala performance at the opera, and a Requiem Mass at the Cathedral, but besides this, the town was *en fête*. Banners floated in the streets, and peasants came in quaint costumes from the mountain country round to lay floral offerings on the Mozart statue. Flags and evergreens decorated the old burgher house in the narrow street wherein Mozart first saw the light, and all day long pilgrims climbed the stairs to the simple third-floor room—now a museum of Mozart relics and portraits. In London, of course, the occasion has been marked by appropriate performances of Mozart works at various concert halls.

The present concert season is not entirely free from the interest of novelty. The concert performance at the Æolian Hall, by Miss Lucia Fydell, of Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Delila," on the 16th inst., is an event to attract many. For Tuesday, the 13th inst.—too late, unfortunately, for notice here—a recital of Tennyson's "Guinevere," at the Steinway, by Miss Elsie Walker, with new incidental music by Mr. Ernest Halsey, was announced; and I am informed that Dr. Houston Collisson, the priest-composer of *Noah's Ark*, has written a song cycle to be performed by Miss Phyllis Gotch at the Æolian Hall on the 15th.

VIVIAN CARTER.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

James Braid

In golf as in other games each generation has its supremely great players who rise and remain for a time above their fellows, and whose names become a household word. I am often reminded, in looking through the annals of our various games, of the study at school of ancient Greek history in which the laborious boy notes for the moment, and forgets as soon as possible, the various supremacies which occur. That ardent student of ancient literature, the British public-school boy, crams up the fact that the Spartan, Athenian, and Corinthian supremacies flourished at various periods, and were succeeded by other supremacies of various communities. Probably, while shakily uncertain of the proper order in which those interesting events occurred, that same boy would be able to tell you with unerring precision how many victories Oxford and Cambridge can respectively claim in the various departments of athletics and games, and would, moreover, throw in the names of the outstanding figures on either side in any given year. I call to mind one boy at my house at Eton, who could tell you the names of the Derby winners for a long succession of years, and who could show in many other equally useless ways the extraordinary accuracy of his memory for any facts of that sort which happened to interest him. Each generation, as I say, has its supreme favourites, and just as cricketers will remember various years by saying, "oh, that was Edward Lyttelton's year," or rowers by "that was Muttlebury's first year," so will golfers be able to give you a string of great names in the game whereby they will not only identify the particular year, but also the actual course on which the hero of their generation achieved his Championship feats.

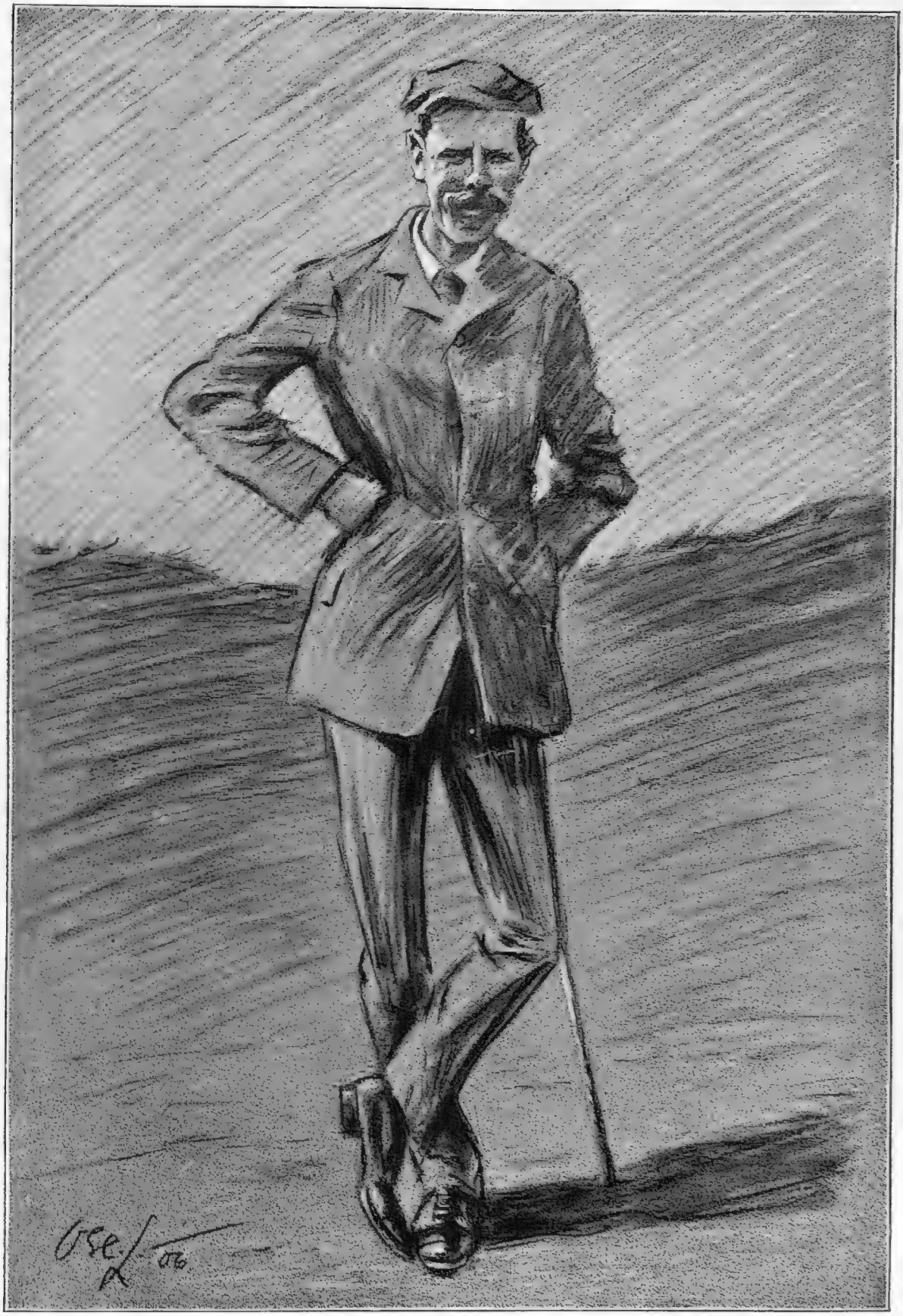
The Open Championship in the Old Days

The Open Championship, for instance, dates back to the year 1860, a fairly long stretch of years, but I have no doubt that there are many old golfers who could tell you the names of the various winners from that day onwards with perfect accuracy. In those days, the struggle for chief honours was confined to a few men, the most notable of whom were the Parks and the Morrises. Both old Tom and his son won the belt four times, the latter achieving the hitherto unequalled record of winning four times in succession. Jamie Anderson's is the next supremacy, to be succeeded by that of the invincible Bob Ferguson. In more modern times, the main struggle has been between three great players, viz, J. H. Taylor, Harry Vardon, and James Braid. I think I shall not be far wrong if I say that during the last ten years anyone would have been quite content to take the chances of those three men against the field at a very slight shade of odds, and would have thought he had made a very satisfactory bet. Truth to tell, these three men combine extraordinary brilliance with equally extraordinary accuracy, and their standard of play varies very little, and rarely falls below normal. Normal, in their case, spells brilliance for other men. They are all of about the same age, Taylor being the junior of the other two by a year. They are practically now in the the prime of life, and if Vardon can regain perfect health, we may confidently look forward to a prolonged struggle between these three players for the kingship of golf. Vardon has won four, Taylor three, and Braid two Championships.

Braid's Successive Triumphs

The subject of my article may be considered for the moment to hold the field, and to have got his nose in advance of the others. His is, indeed, a splendid record. In the Open Championship he has been first twice, second thrice, third once, fifth thrice, seventh once, and eighth once. Thus, in a period of twelve years, he has not been lower than eighth, and if any proof were needed of the wonderfully high standard of his play on great occasions, it would be conclusively afforded by his Championship record. In addition to these feats, he has also performed that of twice winning the greatest prize of modern professional golf, viz., the *News of the World* Tournament. Last year he won not only the Championship, but the *News of the World* Tournament as well, thus asserting his supremacy in both departments of the game. My earliest recollection of Braid goes back to the year 1897, when he was second at Hoylake in the Championship. I had watched Mr. Hilton's wonderful last round, which gave him an aggregate of 314. Braid was the only player left who might possibly equal or beat this score. We followed him round with immense interest, and I well remember Mr. Hilton saying to me, as Braid was nearing the end of his round, "I hope to goodness this long beggar is not going to tie with me." The "long beggar" made a most noble effort to achieve the heroic feat of doing the last hole in three, a figure which would give him a tie. For his second, he took a cleek and easily carried the bunker guarding the hole. I do not envy Mr. Hilton's feelings as he watched Braid's last putt, which went horribly close to the hole. Braid must have thought of that historic moment when he found himself in exactly the same position at Sandwich two years ago. To his great qualities as a player in every department of the game, he adds those of a most genial and modest nature. He is equally popular among professionals and amateurs. That he may long continue to achieve the success he so well deserves is the wish of his sincere friend and admirer,

ERNEST LEHMANN.



AN IMPRESSION OF JAMES BRAID

The Open Champion has just been elected captain of the Professional Golfers' Association, in succession to Harry Vardon

DRAWN BY OSCAR LARUM

Sport of the Past Week

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

The Cult of the Cup-Tie

Among our illustrations this week are two examples of the effect of what is known as "Cup-tie fever." One shows that the crowd will even patronise an L.C.C. steamer in winter in order to get to a F.A. Cup-tie, and the other (see our two centre pages) gives a good idea of the dimensions of that crowd when it has got there. The enormous popularity of the Cup-ties and League matches is one of the unexplained mysteries of the age, except in so far as it illustrates the proposition that the best of everything can be had by paying for it, and can be made to pay its purchasers; so that a good professional football team is just as valuable an asset to its employers as a clever *troupe* of Music-Hall *artistes*. Moreover, the professional football team does not merely perform; it competes against similar organisations, and thus appeals to the instinct of which every Briton (naturalised or otherwise) likes to think he is the possessor. When present at a football match he is not merely a sightseer, but a sportsman. And it is this feeling which enables a "following" of 10,000 or more, drawn, say, from one of the manufacturing towns of the Midlands, to shout themselves hoarse over the doings of their "representatives," the majority of whom are Midlanders only by purchase for the time being, and any one of whom may figure at no distant date (again by purchase) in a Northern, a Southern, or a Western team. But there is no denying that this sort of thing makes for the production of good football. The sportsman who buys his sport (in the form of an admission ticket) will have value for his money, and those who minister to his proclivities are fully alive to this. The excellence of professional football, too, has a stimulating effect upon the amateurs. It is the ambition of nearly every leading amateur club to be able to hold its own with one of the crack "pro" teams; and some of them can just about do it.

Photo *Topical*

Effect of Football Fever: Patients crowd an L.C.C. steamer

There was witnessed on the Thames last Thursday the odd spectacle of a crowd of passengers on an L.C.C. boat. At first, it was supposed to be a hallucination, but when the fact leaked out that the people were going to a Cup-tie football match (Millwall *v.* Sheffield Wednesday) at Greenwich, no surprise was expressed at their behaviour

A Contrast

When one turns to the contemplation of the condition of the Rugby game in England, one cannot help wishing that it had some similar stimulus, if not of professional rivalry, at any rate of a more widespread public interest. We were told that the New Zealanders were going to give the much-needed fillip, and so they did as long as they were here, but the fillip has given way to a fizzle so far as England is concerned, and, in proof of this, the game at Leicester last Saturday, when Ireland beat England by 2 goals and 2 tries to 2 tries, was one of the most miserable exhibitions ever seen in an International encounter. Of course, some allowance must be made for the state of the ground, which was simply indescribable after the first quarter of an hour. But a really capable team should be able to adapt itself in some measure to adverse conditions, and in this both teams failed conspicuously. Both played the heeling and passing game persistently, and each was continually letting the other in by so doing—which was not to be wondered at considering the state of the ground and the ball—and it was not until there were only ten more minutes to go that England found out the right tactics. The kicking on both sides, and particularly that of the English three-quarters, was execrable, and two, at least, of Ireland's tries were due to the inability of the English backs either to field or tackle. In the loose, the Irish forwards proved faster and better dribblers, and it was only in the tight scrums that the English held their own, but even here they played into their opponents' hands by heeling when it was obviously no good. So weak were their backs that they could not have done worse if they had stuck to the ball all through.

Two Good Amateur Soccer Matches

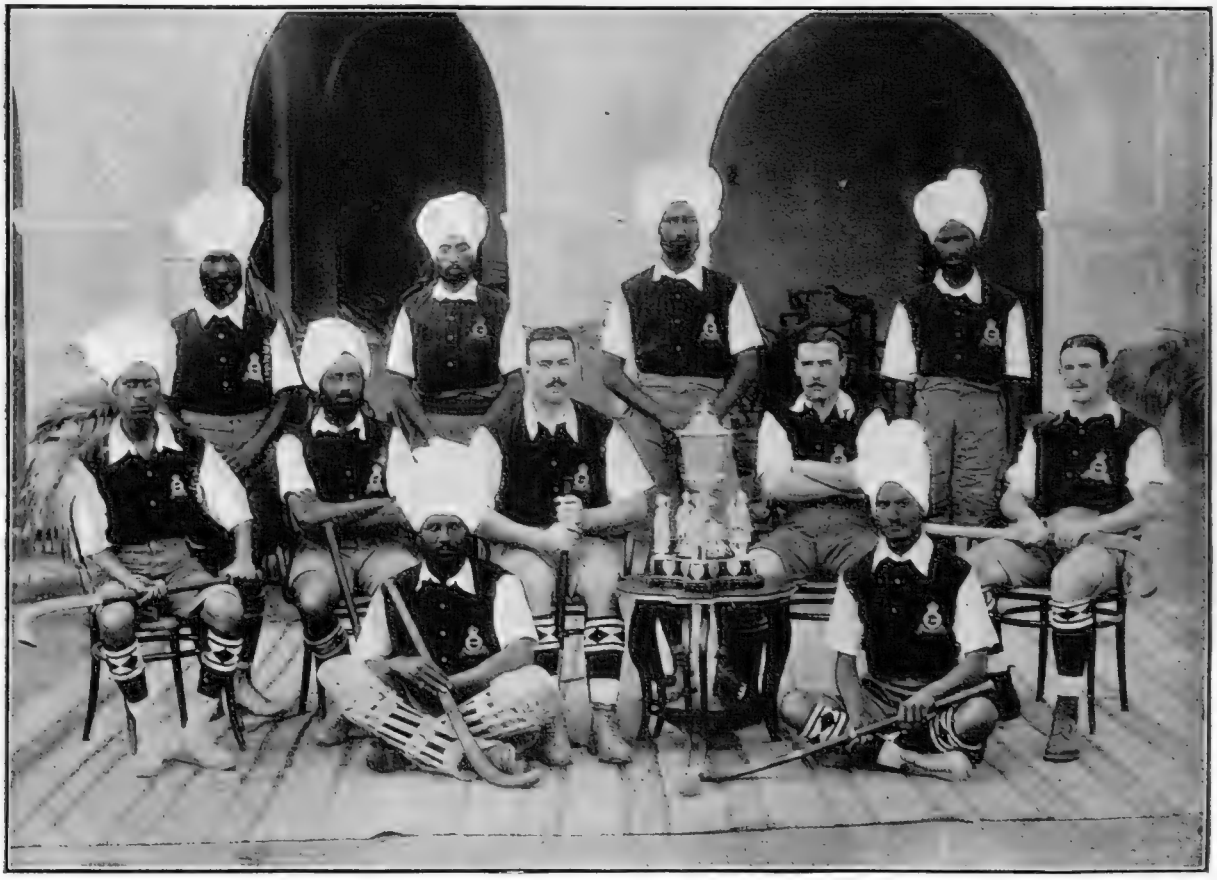
In the replayed Dunn Cup-tie at Queen's on Saturday, the Old Carthusians got the upper hand of the Old Westminsters by 3 goals to none, although they lost Witherington before half-time owing to an injury to his ankle-bone, sustained in a collision with Plaskitt. Vassall took his place at back, and his success in this position was one of the features of the match. He, Timmis, and D. Graham (the centre-half) were altogether too much for the Westminster attack, which, despite the presence of the redoubtable Stanley Harris, was weak as a whole. For Charterhouse, R. H. Allen played a fine forward game. At Tufnell Park, where the Casuals achieved another round of the London Cup at the expense of the 2nd Grenadier Guards, the conditions were even worse, and can only be described in terms of what is generically known as "language." Still, it was a good game. The Casuals were one short at the start, and soon after it Private King scored for the Guards after a good run from mid-field. Then McIver arrived to complete the Casuals' forward line, and almost immediately shot a goal. Before half-time he placed his side ahead from a good pass by Durrant. In the second half the Guards attacked strongly, and Private Russell scored after Adams had failed to clear, but later on a run by Drake and Durrant was turned to account by the latter, and before time a mistake by the Guards' goal-keeper let in McIver, and so the Casuals won by 4—2.

Hockey and Lacrosse

In Edinburgh, Scotland gained her first victory in International Hockey, after a tough match with Wales, by 3 goals to 1. Several matches in England could not be played owing to the state of the grounds, including North *v.* Midlands, at Derby, and Oxford *v.* East Sheen, at Oxford. But the North *v.* South ladies' match was brought off at Birkdale, the South winning easily by 6—1. In Lacrosse the most noticeable thing was the crushing defeat of Cambridge at Lords, by Catford, who scored 13 goals to 3. Oxford drew with Hampstead at 5-all.

Hockey in India

In the Punjab Native Army Hockey Tournament, which was played off last month, the final resulted in a tie between the 23rd Sikh Pioneers and the 38th Dogras. The two regiments will accordingly share the Challenge Cup, each keeping it for six months. The 23rd were in Thibet during 1903-1904, and had only been "down" for a year, so that their team (which, as will be seen from the accompanying photo, consists of three British officers and eight natives) deserves no little credit for its achievement. The way in which hockey has "caught on" with the Indian native army is quite remarkable; the men seem likely to become as fond of it as Mr. Atkins is of his football, and a very good thing will it be for them, especially in the many cases where the native game, polo, cannot be worked.



Hockey in the Punjab Native Army

Hockey has caught on in the Indian Native Army. The match between the 23rd Sikh Pioneers and the 38th Dogras was played last month, and resulted in a tie. The above is the team of the Sikhs (recently home from Thibet), and the British officers (from left to right) are Lieutenants B. Turnbull, R. Nicholas, and E. L. Croslegh

BRIDGE: BY PROBLEMATICUS

On Rebuking One's Partner

Should one, or should one not, rebuke one's partner for his, or her, mistakes at bridge? There are those who preserve a gloomy reticence when their partner has played the unmitigated idiot—as partners will—and when I ask them the reason of their self-restraint, they say, "What's the use? It doesn't do any good." I am not one of them, and I do not agree with them; I have too strong a belief in my mission to root out human folly whenever it chooses the sacred game as the theatre of its exhibition. But I observe a moderation in my rebukes. When my partner is a humble, well-meaning seeker after correctness in his or her play, I point out the error and why it was an error with the utmost gentleness. But when my partner is one of those who, with a lofty and unfounded opinion of his or her skill, is always falling foul of the humble, earnest struggler—when such a partner plays the fool—then all the Dutch uncle in me rises to my lips; and like a Dutch uncle I speak. I recommend this course to all earnest players, because they will find that it really raises the standard of the play in their circle. But I would advise them against adopting a "nasty, sneering way." Men detest it, and women loathe it, because, when it is applied to them, they do not know how to answer back—either extreme gentleness then, or a righteous, outspoken indignation.

Finessing Against One's Partner

There are a number of moderate players who believe that under all circumstances it is a grievous crime to finesse against your partner. It is nothing of the kind. A very common case is when your parner has tried a suit, and after learning that your opponents hold the strength in it, opens another. Say, for example, that he has tried diamonds, gets in again, and opens a club, leading the 8. Manifestly, he has abandoned his suit, and is trying to develop your hand. You hold the king, 10, 3, 2, of clubs. The knave, 6, 5, are in Dummy. The dealer puts on the 5. The proper card for you to play is the 10, since it still leaves your king over the knave, and the dealer may have to lead up to you. If you put on your king and find the ace, queen in the dealer's hand, you have made three certain tricks for him in the suit. Yet times and again I have seen moderate players put on their king, and defend the action on the ground that you should never finesse against your partner.

The Short-Suit Convention

I am pleased to observe that the lead of the highest of your shortest suit, when your partner has doubled no-trumps, is falling more and more out of favour with men who play well. During the last month only, two of the best players at one of my clubs have, so to speak, flung it to the winds with execrations, and sternly adopted the Heart Convention. Women still show the greatest fondness for it; but then, lucky creatures! they have been endowed with natures impervious alike to reason and experience. Happily, they are too timid to double often; and after all, if they do, the odds are that once in four times they will get the right suit led.

The Late Competition

The names of AUCH and SUMMER are added to those deserving of honourable mention in our late Competition.

Foreign and Colonial Solutions

VELDT, XIII.-XV., 9. TAR WALLAH, XVI.-XVIII., 13.

"LOO": A TAME OTTER'S TALE

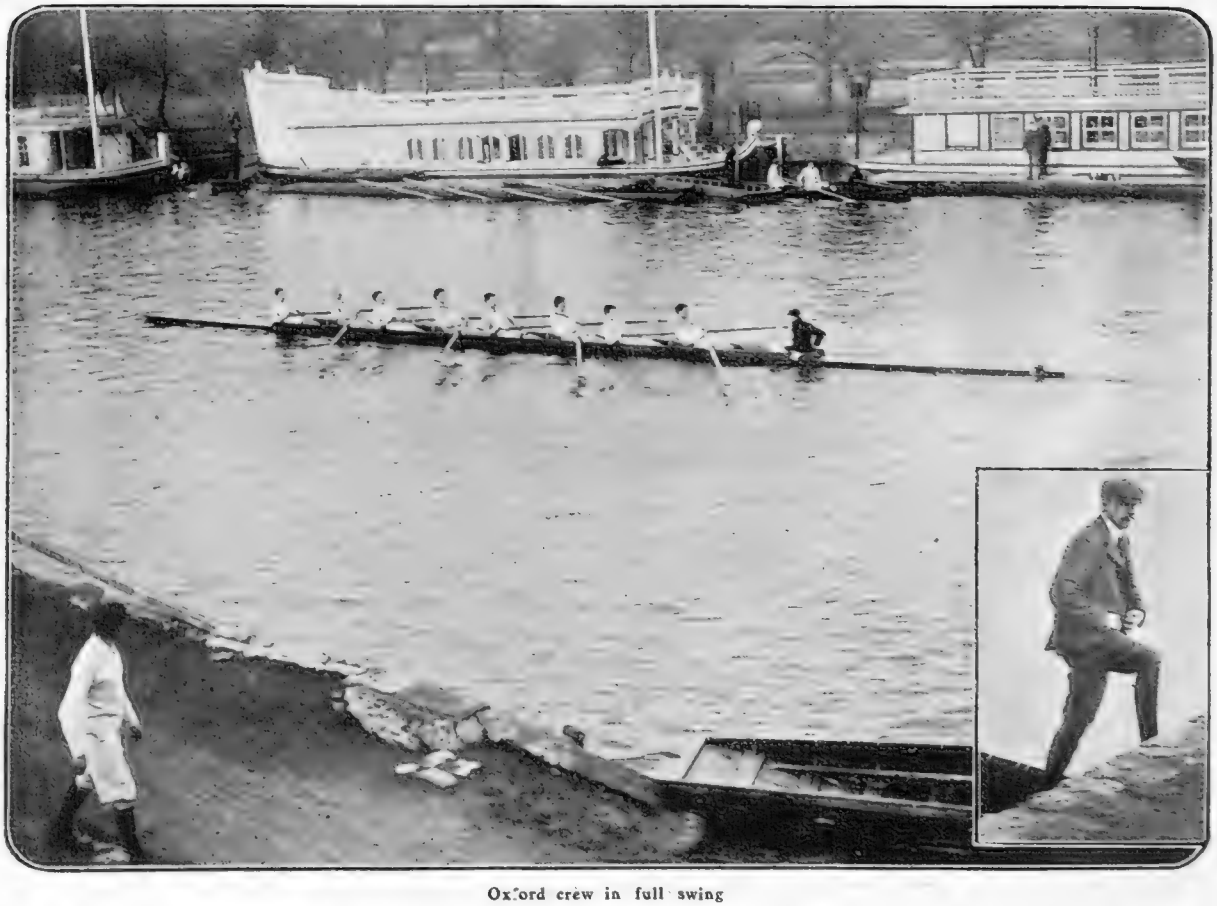
Pet otters are few and far between, owing as much to the difficulty one finds in getting cubs of the right age to rear, not too young and not too old, as to that of bringing them up. One should never buy them out of a country visited by otter hounds, nor is it always possible for the huntsman of a pack to save them in time from the tender mercies of the terriers, who play sad havoc with Mrs. Lutra's callow cubs once they get among them, a contingency often impossible to avoid. Unlike the badgers and the foxes, otters have cubs during all months of the year, and thus there is no period at which one can expect to find them.

"Loo" and her master

An otter's family usually averages three, though there are often but two, and occasionally four. These are born in some holt, high and dry above the water level, perhaps in some hollow pollard-willow or old rabbit's burrow. Soft and brown, and velvety, are the cubs, and they are taught to swim by their mother, who will carry them across the river securely perched upon her withers, or leave them on some flat rock in mid-stream, and either push them in plop, or swim away and leave them to follow her departing whistle. Once the cubs have learned to swim, diving comes easy to them, and swimming under water, but they cannot stay under as long as their parents. Their sturdy father does not take much part in their early education, preferring the nomad life of the waters, even seeking fresh woods and pastures new in quest of rivals to fight, fresh lutrine lady-loves to woo; or the shoals of grey mullet, crabs, and other dainties to be found in the tidal waters of the estuaries. It was on a June day, near the deep Beam Weir, the first of many that hold up the fair waters of the River Torridge, above Bideford's white town, that Loo was brought to light from a rabbit's burrow at which the hounds had marked her couch, and transferred by gentle hands to a capacious hare-pocket. Not so lucky was her brother, who was snapped by the terrier. Brought up on one of Maw's Patent Feeding Bottles, and fed three times daily with cow's milk diluted with twice its amount of tepid water, Loo, or Louie, as Miss Lutra was naturally called, throve apace until she had her first fish—some goldfish in a bath of water. Then, as she grew older, she was promoted to a mixed diet of fish (sea fish, or trout, or eels), moorhens, small birds, young rabbits, frogs, and small crabs; variety and plenty at her one evening meal being the object to be aimed at. She would not go into the sea, but would go into the big rivers, ponds, or streams, and come out to my whistle, which was an imitation of her own. She would hunt trout, but could never catch one, even in a small pond or pit, though I've spent hours poking them out for her. She dearly loved the small crabs to be found under stones, and even sea anemones. But a frog or an eel were her tit-bits. She followed well and closely, and if lost, came to my whistle readily like a dog would. Nor had she any fear of these latter, nor respect for the cat, whom she loved to charge. In the house, Louie was a thorough romp, and would gallop up and down and upset everything she could, pull down curtains, shake the flounces of the chairs, burrow under the carpets and rugs, and generally behave like a little tom-boy, until, weary of play, she would curl up and go to sleep, holding her hind paw in her mouth with her two fore ones. So she lived for nearly two years with me, whistling and calling me when she heard my footstep on the path near her house—a summer-house, with a tub of water and some drain pipes and a barrel of straw—amusing many by retrieving hens' eggs from a pond, or an apple or anything that took her fancy, until she went the way of all pets, and was killed by accident. For she got out one day from her new home in the Isle of Wight, and fell a victim to a yokel's ready cudgel. Poor Louie! R. I. P.

The Boat Race: Oxford (the Favourites) in Training

The Oxford Crew at Practice: Passing the Goldie Boathouse



Oxford crew in full swing

On the right of the picture is Mr W. A. L. Fletcher, the Oxford coach, who stroked the Oxford boat in 1890, and was in the boat the three following years

A Workshop in a Garden

IN BLISSFUL BOURNVILLE, MESSRS. CADBURY'S MODEL VILLAGE

As a result of the annual meeting last week of the inhabitants of Bournville, still further schemes are afloat for the beautification of the Worcestershire model village where Cadbury's chocolate is made.

Laid out, primarily, to provide good homes, picturesque surroundings, and healthy recreation for the workers in the above-named firm's factories, Bournville is one of the most successful attempts to realise the communal ideal. It is a shaded village of ideal cottages, bewitching villas, gardens, and parks. It possesses a cricket pitch, tennis lawn, grounds for hockey and football, an open-air swimming-bath, a shaded fishing pool, a wood—known as "Camp Wood"—children's playgrounds, and a village inn.

A corner of the girls' recreation ground

The girl-workers at Bournville enjoy the use of a special recreation ground, 12 acres in extent, of which the above is a characteristic corner. It includes tennis courts, cricket and hockey grounds, a pleasant tree-shaded lawn, and a large pavilion

About the Village

Our two pictures give an idea of the picturesque surroundings of the village, which is, by the way, also open to the residence of the outer public.

The families dwell in model cottages, each possessed of six hundred square yards of garden. For recreation, as above mentioned, are provided sporting grounds of all kinds for men and girls, altogether about forty acres in extent; for youths a club, library, reading-room, and orchestral society; and for men, all facilities possible for sociability.

Fishing pool on men's recreation ground

In the men's recreation ground (14 acres) is liberal space for large cricket and football clubs, an open-air swimming-bath, and the fishing pool shown above. The recreation grounds are in the hands of the Bournville Trust whose Deed enacts that they be preserved as open spaces for ever

Most of these facilities for recreation belong to the firm, and are intended for their workpeople only. The children's playgrounds are for the children of the village as a whole.

The happy villagers also possess an ambulance corps, a fire brigade, a ramblers' club, a free sick club, a savings' bank, recreation rooms, cookery classes, needlework classes, technical schools, and a local magazine, written and printed by the staff.

Success of the Scheme

The village is yet young, but its success is undoubted. Every house is occupied, and new houses are applied for long before they are completed. Tenants rarely leave, unless obliged to do so owing to removal from the district. When a house is vacated there is keen competition to secure it; and, although it is widely known that all the cottages are tenanted, the stream of new applications flows in unchecked. These applications, moreover, come not only from Messrs. Cadbury's workpeople, but from all quarters.

The gardens are laid out by the estate gardeners when the houses are built, so that when a tenant takes a new cottage he finds the garden already prepared, instead of having to begin by breaking up uncultivated land. As a rule, the tenants take a keen interest in their gardens, and cultivate them with great success. In addition to the cottage gardens, there are about two hundred allotments, which are eagerly sought after by the inhabitants of the neighbouring manufacturing villages. There are also two gardening classes for young men.

Bournville may honestly claim to be "Sweet Auburn" brought to new life, with all and more of the delights of that idyllic spot prior to its desertion.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

A confession! I want to talk about everything under the sun, save clothes. Of course, I shall eventually drift into that theme—Fate (*i.e.*, the Editor) has so ordained it—but meanwhile I am fearfully interested, as to certain vulgarisms that have cropped up into the speech of those who account themselves not merely of the educated classes, but of the world that leads socially. My ear has been annoyed for some time, but only quite recently have I located the accent—that is what it is—as a pose rather than an accident. It is extraordinarily varied, which has added not a little to the mystification, but happily it is never Cockney. Indeed, the general inclination appears to be to lengthen the vowels, drop "g's" at the end of words, and say "ee" instead of "you." There is much more, but it is altogether too subtle to diagnose, and one is left wholly mystified why, in these days of culture, there should be such a tendency.

Can it possibly be, that in view of the present political situation, it is some wise natural provision to bring the classes and the masses into more direct sympathy? Accent is positively the most infectious disease in the whole world, a single month in a place sufficing to influence, to some extent, the least impressionable, while those of strongly imitative characteristics become natives to the manner born.

A bolero in lace and ribbon

(*Drawn by K. Pleydel Young*)

To my thinking, the greatest calamity a woman can possess is a rasping, unmusical voice. And so many woman are afflicted in that way, some indeed going to the foolish length of actually cultivating loudness of tone as an insignia of their exalted social position. Our language is not the prettiest thing in the world any way, that we can afford to play pranks with it.

The Influence of Court Mourning

That the direct tendency of the Royal bereavement will be to bring in greys, just a little before their legitimate moment, is a foregone conclusion. Much that is interesting is being rumoured as to very pale grey flannel suits. The prospect, I confess, pleases me; it is so convincingly Spring-like in character, and the flannels that we are to exploit are to be exceptionally highly finished, something very superior indeed, and, as I have said, delicate of aspect.

Then we are to wear alpacas. This I have on the word of a very big authority, who has the private *entrée* into exclusive French salons, and does not rely on the open general market for his information. Delicately toned alpacas form the leading theme, and the majority are fancifully woven. With no desire to pose as aggressively wise, I believe I prophesied this as certain, with skirts wide-spreading at the hem. Alpaca is such a splendidly assertive fabric, and yet, under latter-day auspices, completely amenable to deft manipulation.

In the immediate future, it will chiefly pose in the guise of the corselet skirt, supplemented by a diminutive bolero, the latter with something in the shape of a half vest and decoratively treated collar. With a Navy blue model, the fronts of the coatee opened on a tiny vest of straw-coloured silk, the edges outlined with several rows of narrow braid, alternately blue and gold, while on the collar twisted strands of the braid were passed at intervals through little oxidised buckles. The skirt, *en corselet*, repeated this latter note in groups of infinitesimal gold and oxidised buttons.

The alliance of grey and black, also prophesied in these columns, will find the readiest appreciation at the moment the half-mourning period commences, and meanwhile the whole affair has given an appreciable impetus to the revived jet craze. Some noticeably *chic* black frocks are of double chiffon or fine *crêpe de chine*, adorned lavishly with black ribbon velvet. A Princesse was really very charming after this style, arranged in *crêpe de chine*, the Princesse emphasised by lines of black ribbon velvet, ending in long loops, over a deep flounce of lace embroidered in jet.

The Brobdignagian Osprey

There is no mistaking the insistence of La Mode over this detail. She has evoked its presence, and exacts acknowledgment at the hands of all who admit themselves devotees at her shrine. Effecting, as it does, an unquestionably smart appearance, worn in an evening *coiffure*, it is impossible to find it in one's heart to admit its inconsistency. It behoves one already to move along the stalls of a theatre with caution, as these feather accessories frequently extend far beyond the head and *coiffure* of the wearer. They simply sweep the head from front to back, and now milliners have caught the fever. But, in their case, there is the saving clause of expense. Otherwise, those whose lot in life is transit by omnibus or train, would indeed have cause for

just complaint, as the wafting possibilities of these mammoth osprey plumes are illimitable, and wholly outside the control of those who carry them.

A young girl's theatre pelisse

(*Drawn by K. Picydel Young*)

A Bolero of Lace and Ribbon

The coffee coat has entirely disappeared in a whirl of bargains at the recent sales. And in its place has uprisen the most elaborate little Empire bodices or boleros. These are just as complicated and fantastic as ingenious minds can contrive, some being wholly of gold and silver bullion braid, picked out with jewels, while others are of painted silk, inset with lace and sequin embroideries, etc. But such things belong exclusively to the great *couturières*, whereas the modest, but withal tasteful, example pictured on page 355 would be within the capacity of any average maid or small dressmaker. The lace is entirely insertion of that pretty raised quality which has arisen on the ashes of the much-plagiarised mimosa, and the rest is ribbon, the two, for choice, being bought with some relative regard to each other.

But this much sartorial information I can give in all confidence: the foundation of all these ephemeralities is chiffon, upon which lace, ribbon, or any other medium can be worked at will.

Young Girl's Theatre Pelisse

If it be true, as some say, that we shall continue to use fur, in some light and airy fashion, on our summer frocks, the trimming suggested on this quaint pelisse of cloth or bengaline need not be replaced, as I was about to suggest, by quilling of ribbon. No words of mine are needed to enhance the value of this obviously pretty, practical, and suitable garment. The sketch carries full credentials.

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MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

The Newest Tweeds, Cloths, etc., for Early Spring Wear have been delivered and are now on show.

50 in. Imitation Harris Tweed (machine made). Thoroughly shrunk, 10 colourings, **2/9** per yard.

50 in. Saxony Suiting (2 designs), shrunk, 8 colouring in each design, **3/-** per yard.

50 in. All-Wool Cheviot Serge, shrunk, 20 colourings, including Pastel shades, **3/3** per yard.

52 in. Amazon Cloth, thoroughly shrunk, 40 colourings to select from, **3/6** per yard.

52 in. Sedan Cloth, "Unspottable," 35 colourings, **4/9** per yard.

48 in. Fine Twill Coating (new rainproof finish), in 23 colours, **2/9** per yard.

52 in. Tweed, diagonal mixtures, in 18 new colourings, **2/9** per yard.

56 in. over-check Cheviot Tweeds, in 6 Spring shades, for tailor-made dresses, **4/9** per yard.

50 in. Ecru Cheviot. A speciality for Motoring; in herringbone and stripe designs, **4/9** per yard.

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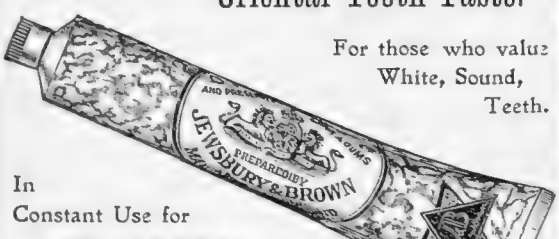

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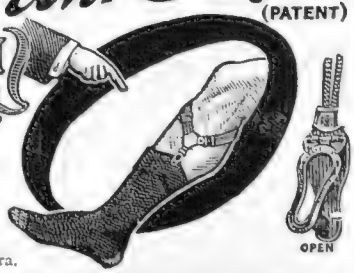

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Who **said BOVRIL?**

"!!" said the clerk;

"As I'm not up to the mark—

"I said Bovril"

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

The Humber Run

As a method of introducing a new car, a long-distance efficiency test has advantages. The purchasing public is a little shy of anything fresh in the motor line, and is inclined to wait for somebody else to experiment with it. Many a man prefers to buy a type that is well known rather than run the risk of being landed with a failure. Paying attention to this undercurrent of feeling, thoroughly believing in their new 10-12 h.-p. four-cylinder car, the Humber Company determined to demonstrate its efficiency in a practical manner. They took the first complete 10-12 h.-p. car that came out of the works, equipped it with a side-entrance body, loaded it with the usual motoring impedimenta, namely, a wind-screen and a Cape-cart hood, and sent it for continuous daily journeys until it had covered 5,000 miles. In order that everything on the car should be "all British," it was equipped with Dunlop special non-slipping tyres.

All Sorts of Roads and Weather

The trial commenced on December 18, 1905, and was completed January 27, 1906, a period of forty-one days. The car was run every day, without any exception, the daily distance varying from 100 to 200 miles. There were no less than thirty-eight independent observers carried on the different days, and each of them was free to choose the route on his particular day. Rain fell heavily on eleven days, several days were exceptionally windy, and on only four days were the roads in good going order. From the point of view of tyres, it is interesting to note that three-quarters of the mileage was run over rough and stony roads. With our present methods of road-making, winter motoring is apt to be over a bad, rough road surface. Five thousand miles is a long way, and it is just about the mileage covered by the average motorist each year. The cost of running the car this distance is therefore of interest.

What It Cost

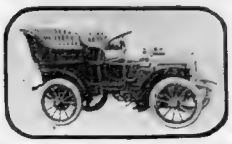
The car consumed 262 gallons of petrol; this averages out at nineteen miles to the gallon, a reasonable amount considering the windy weather, bad roads, and the full load that was always carried. At a shilling a gallon, the fuel cost £13 1*s.* 9*d.* Eighteen gallons of lubricating oil were used, and this figured in the cost-sheet at 5*s.* a gallon: that is £4 10*s.*; further lubricants used were 28 lbs. of grease at 6*d.* and 3*s.* 6*d.* worth of gear-oil. The accumulators were recharged eleven times, costing 8*s.* 3*d.* The only replacement necessary was a worn fibre-ring on the ignition apparatus, allowing 3*s.* 6*d.* for this item, there is a total of £19 1*s.*, or less than 1*d.* a mile. Beginners should note the amount of lubricants used in this car, and remember that to buy the best oil, and use it freely, is economy. I notice the oil is charged at 5*s.* a gallon, and far too many motorists are paying this price every day. Price's oil or Vacuum oil are two of the best lubricants on the market. By buying seven gallons at a time, each of these Companies will supply at less than 3*s.* a gallon. To many motorists the price of their oil matters but little, still to buy at a reasonable rate has one advantage—it prevents any attempted economy in this direction. It inclines towards the freest lubrication, and frequent changing of the oil in the engine crank case.

The Humber, which covered 5,000 miles to demonstrate efficiency

The engine is a four-cylinder one, giving ten to twelve h.-p., with side-entrance body and tools. It is sold at £315

Tyres Expenses

But, of course, the great bugbear of motoring is the capricious pneumatic. Tyres are expensive, and their cost is generally the biggest item in the list of running expenses. The tyres originally on the car carried her right through, and I am informed that there is a good deal of wear in the tyres yet, particularly those on the front wheels. The Humber Company estimate that a sum of £3 12*s.* spent on each cover for retreading would make the tyres practically new. In calculating the running cost of the tyres for the five thousand miles, the expense of retreading is taken as the amount of wear. This works out at a fraction under ¾*d.* a



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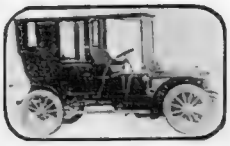

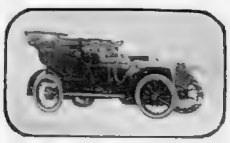
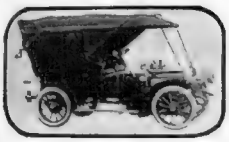

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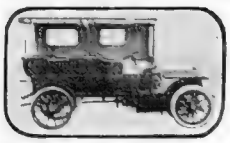

mile for tyres, and makes the total running cost 1¾*d.* a mile. My personal experience with retreaded covers has not been a particularly happy one. I find that a retreaded cover is a doubtful investment, especially on a driving wheel, and personally I should feel inclined to put the cost of tyres higher. Still, this may be due to my not sending them to the right place to be revulcanised (there are several firms doing retreading in a most unsatisfactory way), and also to the fact that, while a retreaded tyre may go well on a lightish car like the Humber, they won't do good work on a heavier machine. The total involuntary stops were only forty-nine minutes, nineteen minutes being occupied by ignition troubles, and thirty minutes for dirt in the petrol pipe—a record which truly shows that the modern car, if properly handled, practically gives no trouble. Of course, there were punctures—five in number, one every thousand miles. These necessitated delays, which totalled but two hours and five minutes, a record which really is a testimonial to a well-made pneumatic, the short delay they occasioned being amply compensated for by the ease that they give, and the amount of economy in repairs that they ensure.

Bombay-Mahableshwar Trials: An Argyll arriving at Poona

This well-known Scotch firm have always kept in close touch with Foreign and Colonial requirements. In consequence, one of the most popular cars in India is the Argyll

What Reasonable Motoring Costs

From the figures obtained for this run, it is possible to gauge fairly accurately what a year's motoring costs. Tyres used over a year would probably not last as well as tyres continuously used for forty-one days, and perhaps a ¼*d.* a mile should be added to the Humber cost-sheet on that account. This makes running expenses 2*d.* a mile, or practically £42. The further items of taxes, insurance, housing, chauffeur's wages, and depreciation, are, of course, variable quantities, and any estimate that one may give will, of course, vary in individual cases. The subject of total cost of a motor-car for a year is, however, of interest, and I figure it out as follows: Taxes, registration, etc., £3 8*s.* (of this, £1 1*s.* would not recur unless the car was changed for another); insurance, of course, varies, but put it, say at £5; housing, say at £12 10*s.*; and chauffeur's remuneration, in which is included clothes and lodging, cannot be put down at less than £2 a week, or £104 a year. Depreciation is admittedly a difficulty, but it can hardly be put at less than 10 per cent., and may be as high in some cases as 30 per cent. In any event, 5 per cent. has to be added for loss of interest on the money invested in a car. Taking it, therefore, at the lowest figure, these two equal 15 per cent., and on a £300 car total £45. Leaving out of account the purchase of sundry items which are inevitably necessary, and assuming no repairs, we have to add to the 2*d.* a mile, or £42, £170, giving a total annual cost of £212. Assuming five thousand miles to be run this works out at about 10*d.* a mile. My figures, of course, are only approximate, but I am inclined to think that if in some items they are a little too high, yet *in toto* they are rather below than above actual cost. The great item, of course, is the chauffeur. Supposing that he is eliminated, and the owner looks after the car himself, the annual cost might then approximate £125 a year, or about 6*d.* a mile.

The Motor in the East

Distances in India are big, and although horse-flesh is cheap, yet the future of the motor-car there is distinctly promising. Held last January, the Bombay Mahableshwar reliability trials over 500 miles excited a good deal of interest. From Bombay to Poona a 6 h.-p. Wolseley and a Humber did well in the small class. For cars not exceeding £400, a 10-12 h.-p. Argyll carried off the honours. A 16-20 h.-p. car of the same make scored, too, for cars up to £600.

A. C. Hunter.

Photos *Topical Agency*

Motor Trials in India: Off to Mahableshwar

A Richard-Brasier starting from Poona. Before reaching its destination some exceedingly steep ghants had to be climbed

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W.E.S.

A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK

Coughing in Church

At this season of the year, when bronchial troubles abound, "coughing in church" is a grievance which claims the attention of the clergy, the other worshippers — even the Press — and last, but not least, that of the cougher himself. The man (or woman) who, with pious intent, leaves his own fireside, despite a cold and probably at great self-inconvenience, gets neither sympathy nor common courtesy from his fellow-Christians. His neighbours are irritated, while the nervous cleric, floundering in his efforts to keep his points clear, according to a preliminary portioning of firstly, secondly, and thirdly, looks upon the luckless offender as a moral blot; and, most heartless of all, his own wife or daughter will gaze across the pew, with reproachful glances, at the self-conscious and apologetic relative, who cannot for the life of him help himself. For failure to excite sympathy, coughing in church may be compared with falling downstairs. While the only person to be inconvenienced is the victim herself, everybody else seems to feel called upon to be angry about it. "You gave me such a fright," they say, as though you had fallen downstairs for exercise or fun, forgetting that you had at least as great a fright as they did, with bruises and a shaking thrown in.

History or report, so we are told by a contemporary, says there was once a famous divine, who not only *objected* to coughing in church, but declined to put up with it. Before the commencement of his discourse he announced that this disturbance must now end; and, says history (but then she has been known to let romance into her annals)—it *did*. At any rate, if this is true, it must only have been the fidgety coughs of those persons who can never sit still or keep silence which were promptly affected. I defy a real trouble of the sort, born of, let us say, influenza, to respond to the commands of even the most peremptory or strong-willed clergyman.

But there is another sort of nervous cough which would be rendered infinitely worse by such very Spartan treatment, and I do think it would serve the indignant cleric right if this were indeed the case. Consider his position compared to the nervous influenzary patient. He (the preacher) is having it all his own way; he is giving voice to his sentiments—and what man but loves to hear himself speak; he is (authoritatively), probably, making quite half of the wakeful members of his congregation more or less uncomfortable with a sense of their own misdemeanours and omissions; and what man, unless he is almost more than human, but must a tiny bit rejoice in such a sense of power. And then, having constrained a fair amount of attention, though, perhaps, less than he thinks or hopes, and enforced complete silence save for the unfortunate coughers, he must needs get himself disturbed, because every now and then half a dozen of his words are drowned or rendered indistinct, and his nerves irritated, while metaphors become mixed owing to the noise under the pulpit. It is not much to bear, and everyone will forgive his consequent blunders; but no one, least of all his abashed self, can forgive the man with the influenza-like symptoms, who has nearly choked himself in trying to keep silence, and, far from coughing from a wish to drown the sermon, finds that highly exhaustive occupation gives him a horrid pain in the chest. Possibly, the distracted clergyman might, with some show of reason, answer that in the interests both of their own and their neighbours' health influenza patients are better away.

LADY PHYLLIS.

THE MENU

A LITTLE DINNER BEFORE A THEATRE

The following menu is intended for a dinner preceding a visit to the theatre, and, as it is important that the host, hostess, and guests (of whom there may be two or more) should be in their seats when the curtain rises, which at most theatres is from 8.15 to 8.30, the dinner must not be too long. I have, therefore, given one which I think can be eaten, and enjoyed, too, I hope, in less than an hour.

Oysters Brown Bread and Butter
Clear Consommé
Neapolitan Cutlets
Pintade (Guinea Fowl), with Chestnut Sauce
Salad
Sweet Omelette
Coffee Liqueurs

Clear Consommé

Have ready a clear, rather light golden-coloured consommé, and serve, garnished with carrots, turnips, and blanched lettuce, cut into little fancy shapes. (Cook the vegetables separately.)

Neapolitan Cutlets

Trim some cutlets from the best end of a neck of mutton, egg and bread-crumb them, and fry them in butter or olive oil. Dish them on a border of mashed potatoes. Make a white sauce, and stir into it some strips of tongue and macaroni in equal quantities. Boil the macaroni before putting it into the mixture. Place this in the centre of the cutlets. Pour a gill of thick brown gravy round and serve.

Guinea Fowl

Procure a nice guinea fowl, tie a slitted sheet of thinly cut bacon over the breast, roast it carefully, basting it plentifully all the time, for it is by nature a very dry bird, garnish with watercress, and serve with chestnut sauce in a boat. For the sauce, prepare half a pint of stock from the giblets and trimmings of the bird, and set it aside. Now scald about ½ lb. of good chestnuts in boiling water, and remove the skins; then put them in sufficient milk and water to cover them well, season with white pepper, salt, and a dust of castor sugar, and cook them till soft, when you drain and pound them to a smooth paste, moistening with some of the liquid they were cooked in; make a Roux Blanc with ½ oz. each of butter and flour, moistening and cooking this with half a pint of the giblet stock, working in the chestnut paste gradually until all is used up. Stir in at the last the raw yolk of an egg, beaten up with one or two tablespoonfuls of the stock. A small spoonful of cream is also an improvement.

Sweet Omelette

Beat up the yolks of three eggs with one dessert-spoonful of sugar and a few drops of vanilla essence. Whip the whites stiffly with a pinch of salt, and stir in lightly to the yolks the last thing. Put 1½ oz. of butter in the omelette pan, and directly it is melted stir in the eggs. As soon as it is set, spread one half with jam, which has been warmed, roll the other half over the jam, sprinkle with sugar, and serve at once.

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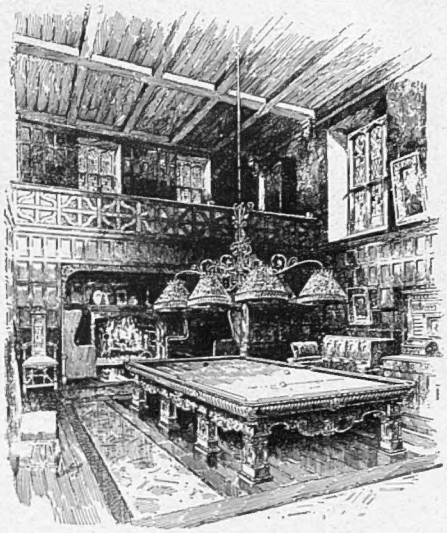

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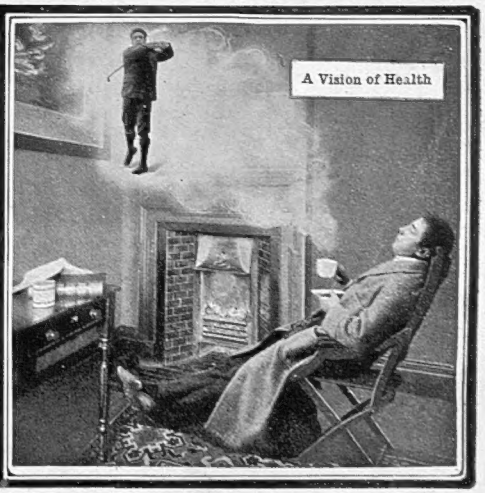

The Editor's Box

New Theatre

That most popular of modern plays, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, registers its 350th performance to-morrow (Thursday), and to judge from the magnitude and enthusiasm of the audiences, it is unlikely to need a successor for some time. Miss Julia Neilson, as the fascinating Lady Blakeney, and Mr. Fred Terry, as her charming and elusive husband, have played their congenial parts so long that they really seem to live them whilst on the stage. Altogether, it is a play to be seen and remembered.

Alhambra Theatre

At the Alhambra (where *Parisiana*, that most joyous of ballets, is at the very height of its popularity), an important new turn commenced on Monday last. Signor Urbini and his youthful son perform a new series of amazing acrobatic and equilibrial feats which are almost beyond description. During months of assiduous training on the Continent, the Urbini's have developed many startling exploits—the boy being especially remarkable for his abnormal flexibility and agility. On the same evening, the Five Whiteleys returned to the Alhambra and the narrow path on the tight wire.

The Boat Race is already on the list of coming events, so please note that the Alhambra is again to be the venue on Boat-race night, the gentlemen composing the Oxford and Cambridge crews having, for the third year in succession, accepted the invitation of the management.

Literary Notes

In view of the 200th anniversary of John Evelyn's death, which occurs on February 27, Messrs. Bickers and Son, 1, Leicester Square, have in preparation a new illustrated edition of his Diary and Correspondence, which they are issuing in four volumes, the first of which it is hoped will be published on February 27.

It will be of interest to librarians and writers to know that a Biographical Bibliography of "Celebrated Women" is shortly to be issued by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd., comprising a Dictionary of Women who for various reasons have made themselves remarkable at any period and in any country, with dates of birth and death, and index to portraits, with names of engravers, the prices at which books, portraits, and autographs have been sold at sales, etc.

To the *Independent Review*, of which Mr. Fisher Unwin is the publisher, the following M.P.'s have contributed:—Sir Edward Grey, John Burns, Hilaire Belloc, Augustine Birrell, Sir Charles Dilke, Herbert Paul, Major Seely, G. P. Trevelyan, C. F. G. Masterman, J. R. Macdonald, D. Lloyd-George, James Bryce, Herbert Samuel, Walter Runciman, Richard Bell, G. P. Gooch, R. C. Munro-Ferguson, F. A. Channing, Thomas Shaw, Philip Snowden, and Dr. T. J. Macnamara.

We have received from the publishers of "Whitaker's Almanack" and "Hazell's Annual" two very useful supplements to their issues for 1906, in the shape of guides to the new House of Commons, after the General Election, which contain lists (complete) of the new Ministry, the latest Honours, and biographical details of the new Members of Parliament. Every subscriber to "Whitaker's" and "Hazell's" should provide himself with these invaluable supplements, the former, price 3*d*., the latter, 6*d*.

"The Year Book of New South Wales for 1906," containing useful details of the administration of that Colony is also to hand from the Agent-General, at 9, Victoria Street (issued gratis).

London and South Western Holiday Guide

The London and South Western Railway Company's Official Illustrated Guide and List, now being prepared for publication in May next, is the most comprehensive book of the kind issued gratuitously by any British railway company. In addition to about seventy pages of descriptive matter relating to popular holiday and health resorts, it will contain a complete list of golf links, together with about one hundred illustrations and maps of the Company's general system, the Channel Islands, the French coast, and ocean routes in connection with the railway.

Full particulars are also given of hotel and other accommodation required by visitors, and fifty thousand copies of the Guide are annually distributed at home and abroad.

Entries and all information intended for publication this year must be forwarded before March 31 to the Editor and Manager, at 33, Dulwich Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

"Smokers' Straight Cuts" (Mark Twain Edition)

Mark Twain's devotion to the fragrant weed is a commonplace of literary history. In numerous articles he sang the praises of the goddess Nicotine. The secrets of his smoking-room were laid bare to the world; his taste in cigars and his affection for corn-cobs.

The great humorist was the object of a remarkable demonstration of appreciation and goodwill on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, which was celebrated at a banquet at Delmonico's, in New York, at which some 170 friends and fellow-craftsmen in literature were present. Mark Twain, as the guest of the evening, made a speech that was characteristic of his inimitable style of humour. He indulged in reminiscences of other birthdays, and concerned himself in particular with the first. The very full report given by the New York *Times* has been reprinted, as a "Mark Twain Souvenir," in the first issue of "Smokers' Straight Cuts," which can be obtained free on application to the Williamson Patent Pipe Company, 110, Cheapside, E.C., or any of their Agents.

Bogus Stamps of Somaliland

In the *Stamp Collector's Annual* for 1906, philatelists are warned that the British Somaliland stamps of the surcharged-on-Indian series with overprint of "On H.M.S." are entirely bogus. Many of these stamps have changed hands at high prices. The *Stamp Collector's Annual* contains special articles on the stamps of St. Helena, Tonga, Prince Edward Island, and an illustrated guide to values of the King's head stamps of the British Colonies.—(C. Nissen and Co., Southampton Row, W.C.)

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